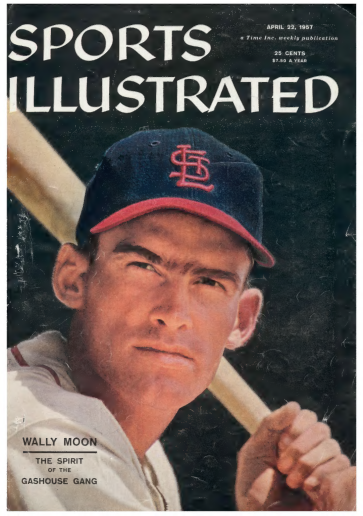


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



APRIL 22, 1967

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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WALLY MOON

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APRIL 22, 1957
Volume 6, Number 16

Across-the-page on page 10

COVER: WALLY MOON
Photograph by Hy Peskin

One continuous eyebrow, a determined look and a ready bat are the trademarks of a remarkable player named Wally Moon. Quiet and reflective off the field, Moon in action is a tremendous competitor who could decide the National League pennant race. To see how, turn to *Hope of St. Louis* on page 28.

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AN SI SPECIAL: THE TEX RICHARD STORY

In the first of three parts, CHARLES SANDTELS recalls the early life of the 20th century's greatest sports promoter

HUBBUB IN BOSTON

Bostoners spring to life as the Celtics win the NBA title and the Bruins battle again for a Stanley Cup. By HERBERT WARREN WING and JEROME R. TAYLOR

HOPE OF ST. LOUIS

The Cardinals are long shots this year, but a quiet Gashouse named Moon could spark them to the pennant. By ROBERT CRENSHAW

A WILDERNESS EXPLODES

The beauty of a Great Smokies springtime, with color pictures by RICHARD MCKEE, and JOHN O'REILLY and HORACE SUTTON as guides

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NEXT WEEK

FULLMER vs. ROBINSON: RAY'S LAST CHANCE

The pitiful Sugar will need all his ancient guile and punch if he is to upset the resolute middleweight champion, Martin Kane previews their rematch in Chicago

ALSO: IN 14 PAGES, THE
BOOM IN SWIMMING POOLS



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

WHEN Staff Writer Jerry Tax filed his story on the National Basketball Association playoffs in this issue, he added a note to the editors.

"Maybe because I still have a crick in my neck from looking up (from my 5 feet 7 inches) at another year's crop of basketball players, I've just been looking back at some other people I had the good luck to run into during the season.

"Like the ex-Duke star (Tom Connelly) from Durham, who fills in at Station WNCN during the basketball season. For some time he wondered why he got his *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* on Saturday, until he found his mailman was taking it home on Thursdays and delivering it when he was through reading it.



JEREMIAH TAX

"Like the NCAA officials when we asked for the list of tournament teams early enough to include them in our *PREVIEW*. They expedited their selections to meet our deadlines because they felt our printing the draw would stimulate pre-tournament interest.

"Like the writer from America, the U.S. Information Agency magazine distributed abroad, who thanked us at the NCAA finals for his trip to Kansas City. America's editors thought our *Jubilation on the Road* (81, Feb. 11) brought universal appeal to U.S. basketball and assigned him to the finals for a story patterned after *Jubilation*.

"Like my plane-seat partner out of Kansas City, whose business was making paper boxes and whose pleasure was hunting. He let his charter subscription to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* lapse, on the theory that his only sports interest was hunting and there were too many other sports in the magazine. 'The theory may have been O.K.,' he said, 'but the practice wasn't. All of a sudden I began to feel a little lonely without it.' He's been with it ever since.

"Every way it's been a helluva basketball season. And I can't wait for the next one to start."

But, like all of us, Jerry Tax will have to wait. For before basketball comes around again there are a few other matters to take up. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is taking some of them up in this very issue: baseball, boxing, hockey, tennis, fishing and even wild flowers. As for hunting, it will come in an early issue, when William Negley tells his own story of how he won his \$10,000 bet by killing an elephant with bow and arrow.

Harry Phillips

Meet Your Golf Pro



by
Jimmy Powers

HE IS YOUNG and old, tall and short, crewcut and bald. He is gregarious and retiring, intense and casual. His is a combination of many talents and, for this reason, he is a difficult person for one to describe.

It is not difficult, however, to define his role. He is the bulwark upon which golf is built, without him it would languish. Presidents and petrolium seek guidance from him as do debutantes and office girls. Where others play it, your golf pro lives it. His private life, his social life, his business life, all revolve around it.

He is a golf pro because he chooses to be and has the talent to be. No other profession commands greater dedication—dedication to the service of those who seek him out. The next time you are at your club, visit your pro's shop. Arrange to have him instruct you in the game, for no other sport is so rewarding and healthful when played properly. Ask his assistance and counsel in the choice of clubs and equipment best suited to your particular size, stature and strength—especially his own high quality PGA brand. You will be a better golfer if you know your PGA pro better—and let him know you.

Jimmy Powers



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

What was your
closest call?

(Answers by explorers
and adventurers)



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*Male Scout, Pte.
Writer and lecturer*

Flying from Beirut to Istanbul, we were blown far off course and approached the city at dusk. With the runway in sight, our engine coughed out. I switched the gas tank selector back and forth. The engine coughed on, just enough to get us on the runway. Not one drop of gas left.

A. C. GILBERT



*New Haven, Conn.
Chairman of the Board
of A. C. Gilbert Co.*

While I was photographing a bear, a big one grizzly bear with two cubs in Alaska, the bear suddenly charged. My primary object was to get the pictures, but you can't fight an enraged grizzly bear with a camera. I dropped the camera and shot in self-defense. But it was close.

continued

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HOTBOX

continued

COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI

Derry, Linn., Vt.
Explorer



A deal with a giant gorilla in the mountains of the Belgian Congo. This one surprised me. I shot twice at point blank range, but he still came. Just as I thought he was going to crush me, he dropped dead at my feet. The giant measured 6 feet 6 inches and weighed 662 pounds, then a world record.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Carroll Valley, Calif.
Explorer



During World War I, I was driving across the Gobi Desert to Ulaan in Mongolia. Five men suddenly appeared and began shooting at us. I leaned back to reach for a rifle. In that split second a bullet shattered the steering wheel, where I had been leaning. I couldn't have had a closer call.

RICHARD F. DENFENOLFF

Chappaqua, N.Y.
Explorer and writer



When I was isolated 50 miles from Admiral Byrd's ships, I was lost for four hours. The temperature was 20 below and the wind 40 knots. I was sure my fate would be worse than that of Scott, the English explorer. He was dead when found. I feared I wouldn't be found, dead or alive.

TOM TERRILL

London
Actor
Movie director-actor



I've shot movies in 45 countries and have had many close calls. Prisoners in a Shanghai prison revolted while I was taking movies. I once fell overboard in the middle of the Atlantic. Entering King Tai's Tomb was supposed to be the seal of death. Twenty entered with me, now all are dead.

continued



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HOTBOX

continued

LEWIS COTLOW



New York City
Explorer

I went to the Belgian Congo to get pictures of giant gorillas. A new law barred guns because so many had been killed. When I spotted a gorilla with his family, I ran toward them to get my pictures. He came at me to protect his young. My Pygmy escort saved me with their spears.

CAPTAIN ALAN VILLIERS



Oxford, England
Skipper, *Marlowe II*

In the four-mast bark *Perma* when she broached to in a hurricane squall near Cape Horn, sea swept right over us. She rolled as if she'd roll the eyeballs out of us. Either we got her upright and before the sea again or we'd roll under with her. Didn't even figure how close it was.

THOR MEYERDAHL



Oslo, Norway
Ambassador
Anchor of *Kon-Tiki*

Living alone within myself, I fear nothing but myself. Some might say that my six months on the raft drifting toward Samoa was my closest call. That may have been, but it didn't frighten me nearly so much as my wife did the first time she asked me to marry her. That wasn't close. I lost.

SIR HUBERT WILKINS



Minneapolis, Pa.
Scientist-explorer

Among primitive Eskimos, revenge is a sacred duty. They also believe in thought power. Unbeknownst to me, a member of my party assured a sick woman that his thoughts would cure her. The woman died and her husband was duty bound to kill the next white man he saw. I was that man. He came at me with a rifle but before he pulled the trigger I smilingly stepped up to show him how better to hold it. My presumed lack of fear embarrassed him and he said that he could not kill a man who showed no fear. I was, of course, unaware of his intention until I heard his declaration.

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COMING EVENTS

national

March Racing

Brown Burden: \$200, 2 yr-old, 100 lb. (Sole seat of \$100). 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

Lawrence

Yale vs. Stanford, New Haven, Conn.

TUESDAY, APRIL 22

Tennis

Pro: Haden, Bickell vs. Bickell, Princeton, N.J.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23

Racing

Ed. Gaudin vs. Ed. Manager, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Golf

• Sunday: Seelye, Galt, McDonald, \$10,000, Lincoln, Neb. (April 22-23)

March Racing

Lawrence Burden: \$20,000, 3 yr-old, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

• Lawrence Burden: \$20,000, 3 yr-old, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

Lawrence

Yale vs. Stanford, New Haven, Conn.

Tennis

Pro: Haden, Bickell vs. Bickell, Princeton, N.J.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24

Golf

• Sunday: Seelye, Galt, McDonald, \$10,000, Lincoln, Neb. (April 23-24)

March Racing

Lawrence Burden: \$20,000, 3 yr-old, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

• Lawrence Burden: \$20,000, 3 yr-old, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

Lawrence

Yale vs. Stanford, New Haven, Conn.

Tennis

Pro: Haden, Bickell vs. Bickell, Princeton, N.J.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25

Racing

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Tennis

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Track & Field

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

SATURDAY, APRIL 26

Racing

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Tennis

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Track & Field

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Dog Show

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

March Racing

Lawrence Burden: \$20,000, 3 yr-old, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

• Lawrence Burden: \$20,000, 3 yr-old, 100 lb. 100 lb. 100 lb.

Lawrence

Yale vs. Stanford, New Haven, Conn.

Tennis

Pro: Haden, Bickell vs. Bickell, Princeton, N.J.

SUNDAY, APRIL 27

Racing

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Tennis

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Track & Field

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

TUESDAY, APRIL 28

Racing

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Tennis

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Track & Field

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

Racing

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

Tennis

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

• Providence 10 p.m. (ABC)

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

Racing

• David Jones vs. Bobby Rogers, withweights (10 lbs.), 100 lb.

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CORDON (1952) 2115 COMPANY



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new midsole slip-on in smart black calf
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with tan shagbark.

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Crafting leathers between the dismounting
cloves and shagbark has been our sole
occupation for over 50 years.

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

APRIL 22, 1957



HUBBUB IN THE HUB

Boston suddenly found itself the winter sports capital with both its hockey and basketball teams in the playoff finals

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE SECOND WEEK in April has for the last decade signified no sports events at all for the traditionally beleaguered fans of Boston and the outlying New England countryside. The Celtics, Boston's entry in the National Basketball Association, had annually disbanded by that time, never quite succeeding in reaching the final round of the league playoffs despite their unrivaled roster of high-scoring stars. The Bruins, Boston's entry in the National Hockey League, did make their way to the final round of the Stanley Cup playoffs in 1955, but with that one faint exception, by the second week of April they, too, were through and waiting till next year. And so with the Red Sox still not arrived at Fenway Park to inaugurate another soul-searing chapter in the golden annals of frustration, things invariably were very quiet indeed in that rarefied sector where, since time immemorial, the Lowells speak only to the Cabots and Ted Williams speaks only to out-of-town sportswriters.

This April the situation underwent a drastic and dramatic change—or metamorphosis, as they say in "the Athens of America." Boston's towns had reached the final round of both the hockey and basketball championship playoffs. The upstart Bruins, responding to Coach Milt Schmidt's unsubtle blueprint, had started the hockey world by eliminating the league champion Detroit Red Wings, four games to one, in the semifinal playoff round and were battling the Montreal Canadiens in the climactic best-four-out-of-seven series. As for the Celtics, they had warmed up by eliminating the Syracuse Nationals and were already deeply entrenched in a heating best-four-out-of-seven final with the surprisingly tough St. Louis Hawks. On Tuesday, April 3, with the Bruins in Montreal

for the second game against Les Canadiens and the Celtics back in Boston Garden for their fifth game with the Hawks, it was still a little hard for the Boston fans to believe that they were suddenly residents of the "winter capital of sports," but there it was in black and white on every sports page—in the *Boston Herald*, for example:

KEY PLAYOFFS TONIGHT

CELTICS AIM TO TAKE LEAD—
BRUINS SEEK TO REVE SERIES

Though all of New England was relishing this finest April in years, no doubt the person who was enjoying it the most was Walter A. Brown, an extremely genuine and remarkably patient basketball and hockey fan who is also the president (and for all intents and purposes, the owner as well) of the Bruins, the Celtics and the Boston Garden. A reasonable man, Mr. Brown was hopeful that Boston would emerge with one of the two championships—both championships would be marvelous, of course, but common sense suggested being thankful for one. Of the two teams, the Celtics unquestionably had the better chances. It would be almost too much to expect the Bruins to have enough fire and stamina left to stay with the Flying Frenchmen.

Last Saturday, in the seventh and deciding game with the Hawks, the Celtics at length and at last pulled out the victory after two almost intolerably tense and turbulent overtime periods. On Sunday night, three games down to Les Canadiens, the Bruins made one last gallant effort to stay alive, and did with a 2-0 victory. However, it would take a minor miracle for the Bruins to win the next three games, and it looked for all the world as if Mr. Brown, Boston and New England would have to settle for their one championship.

TURN PAGE FOR REPORTS ON CELTICS AND BRUINS



HOT ON

THE FINAL CLIMAX of the professional basketball championship playoffs was in its second overtime period in Boston Garden. The scene was Boston 125, St. Louis 124; there were two seconds left to play and Alex Hannum of St. Louis had the ball out of bounds under his defensive board. The basket through which he had to score hung 10 feet above the floor, 90-odd feet away.

It is important to know who Alex Hannum is and just how he came to be holding the ball with the world title at stake and two seconds left on the clock.

Alex is a trim 6 feet 7 inches tall, his eyes are blue and his hair is now leaving him rapidly. At 32, he was as worn down by the demands of this physically exacting game that he was released by St. Louis before this season began, picked up by Fort Wayne and again dropped in December. Convinced he was through with basketball, he had to

RUSSELL PERKINS like one on left was big factor in Boston's playoff victory.

... BUT COLD ON THE ICE

Montreal's Flying Frenchmen took a seemingly unassailable lead over the game but tired Bruins in the Stanley Cup final

EVERY THOUGHT the seven-episode Bruins fought back to take the fourth game 2-0, the outcome of the 1967 Stanley Cup final might well have been decided at the 19-4 mark of the first period when Les Canadiens and the Bruins met in the third game of the series, at the Boston Garden. The Bruins had dropped the first two games of the best-four-out-of-seven final (which were played in Montreal) and it was really imperative for them to win both the third and fourth games, scheduled for their home ice, since Les Canadiens have been practically unbeatable at the Montreal Forum.

The Bruins, in truth, were never in this critical third game. The first of the three 20-minute periods had hardly begun when Bernard (Bernie Beane) Geoffrion, who had previously racked up eight goals in seven playoff games, slipped into the Bruins zone, cut across in front of the defense and, as he did

so, whipped a rising 20-footer past young Don Simmons, the Bruins' rookie goalie. The shape of things to come became clearer around the six-minute mark. The Bruins, enjoying a two-man advantage for a full minute when two Canadians were serving overlapping penalties, were able to get off only one shot on the Montreal goal, and Jacques Plante, the Canadians' travel-minded goalie, anothered it without too much difficulty. A pall of disappointment began to settle heavily over the Garden. At 14:29 the resounding quietness became even deeper when old Husher Curry scored the Canadiens' second goal. And then, at 19:34, Geoffrion scored the Bruins' last glimmer of hope when he sifted in close to the Boston cage and lifted a sharp backhand shot through the foot-wide opening between Simmons and the left goalpost. The final score, Canadiens 4, Boston 2, gave no true indication of

the Canadians' margin of superiority over a team which, the harder it pressed to get back in the game, the less effectively it played—a not uncommon occurrence in sports.

Throughout the depressive second and third periods, the Boston crowd, never renowned for their long memories or their stoicism, patiently waited for the Bruins to get going and, when they didn't, booed not so much as a tasteless display of abuse at them. The Bruins, they appreciated, had done inordinately well to go as far as they had. Ninety percent vinegar and 10% sheer talent, this team that had not even qualified for the playoffs last year, had stayed in the postwar race all seasons long, then managed somehow to outdrink, outbrawl, outscore and eventually outlast the league champion Detroit Red Wings in the semifinal playoff round.

Last week, that Detroit series looked to have been the season's high-water mark for the aging Bruins squad. They were far off form in the first game against Les Canadiens when 33-year-old Maurice Richard, Montreal's Hooley Lalonde, scored one, two, three, four

THE BOARDS

The hardest way possible, against an inspired, underdog St. Louis team, the Celtics won basketball's World Series

even brought his wife and two young daughters east; they were at home in Los Angeles.

Then, midway through the season, with the St. Louis team floundering helplessly in last place, Owner Ben Kerner made a series of desperation trades and personnel shifts, climaxed by the rehiring of Hannum as coach. Kerner had nothing to lose and Hannum quickly showed he had everything to gain. No one (least of all Hannum) had any idea whether or not he had that undefinable combination of qualities which makes a man a good leader and teacher of other men. Alex took his team, composed largely of over-age veterans surrounding high-scoring Bob Pettit, and drove,ajoled, coaxed and inspired them to their league championship. In the first six games of the playoffs with Boston, against the finest collection of basketball talent ever assembled and in the face of unanimous expert opinion that Boston would coast to the title, he had driven his

men to unbelievable efforts and won three times. All of St. Louis was behind him in a sudden frenzy of enthusiasm. And now, after 72 regular-season games and six final playoffs, he was two points down with two seconds to go.

The playoffs thus far had produced enough heroes and heroics for an Odyssey of basketball. Boston's Bill Russell had scored over the court like some gigantic bird, blocking shots, grabbing rebounds and generally intimidating St. Louis shooters. (Unable to sleep at all the night before the final game, Russell had spent hours praying for each member of his team.) St. Louis' Slater Martin and Jack McMahon had performed miracles on defense to contain Boston's great Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman. In every game, the guarding was so tenacious that a player had to drift back to midcourt for a clear shot. Neither team had ever been able to demonstrate real superiority—in any department.

Two seconds—the Boston Garden

one deafening shriek of sound, guards restraining spectators from the edges of the floor, 13,000 sets of nerves on the raw edge. Hannum threw a perfect strike the length of the court in a planned maneuver to hit the backboard for a rebound by a teammate. The ball bounced off—into the arms of Bob Pettit. *Just exactly perfect.* Pettit releases this kind of a shot about as frequently as destiny touches a comparative unknown like Hannum. Pettit took his shot. It rolled around the rim, and rolled out.

Both Ben Kerner and Boston Owner Walter Brown had waited 11 years for a winning team. It is so play with words to say that they both had just that. Boston was the tick; St. Louis was everything else. Moral victory is the way sportswriters usually cover such a situation.

Alex Hannum? Well, Mrs. Hannum and the girls should be living in St. Louis, not Los Angeles, for a long time.

—JEROME K. ROSS

times to come within one goal of his record of five in a single playoff game which he set away back in 1944 when he was first earning his now indivisible sobriquet, "The Rocket." The Bruins played well enough to win the second game, but Plante had a great night in the nets for the Canadiens and Jean Beliveau came through with the goal that won it 1-0. Then, in the third game, it was another one of the Canadiens' big guns, Geoffrion.

Old hockey hands have long proclaimed that the blistering pace of the Stanley Cup competition nearly always brings out the extra attributes which make the great players great. The cup games this year have certainly confirmed this embryonic proverb. Against the Rangers and the Bruins, Les Canadiens, producing a mixture of fire and only fair hockey, might have got deep into trouble had not their three famed forwards risen to the occasion. Of the 32 goals Montreal scored in the first nine playoff games, Beliveau had six, Richard eight and Geoffrion 10—24 of the 32, monsieur.

—HOCKEY WARREN WEND

PLAYOFF High point was Richard's four-goal spree in opener against Bruins.



'IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR IKE'

NOW THAT the weather is beginning to break, the early-morning routine of Ed Wiggins, a farmer of Red Cloud, Neb. (pop. 1,800), is fairly well set. What Ed will do now is get up at the crack of dawn, milk the cows, lower the milk cans into the water cooler and then hop into the cab of his flat-bed truck and drive out to the Red Cloud Country Club for nine holes of golf. Like as not, he'll share a 60¢ breakfast of hotcakes and eggs with his foursome at the Royal Hotel later on, and then drive back to the farm to find the milk cooled and ready for the trip to the dairy.

Maybe Richard D. Schanot, whose farm is near Union, Neb., won't work it quite that way. Schanot, who milks 39 cows and tends 129 hogs on his 160-acre farm, may wait until all the chores are done and then pile the whole family (wife Dorothy, daughter Joyce, 12, son Richard Jr., 16) into the car and drive 15 miles to the Steinhart Park Country Club. While the elder Schanot golfs, the rest of the family will have a swim in the club pool and then they will have dinner on a terrace overlooking the pool.

What's happening to Farmer Wiggins and Farmer Schanot is happening to many another farmer in the rural Midwest. There's a golf boom on, and

it's bitten not only farmers but small-town businessmen, gasoline-station attendants, lawyers and bankers. The cracker barrel in the general store is no longer the center of palatial discussion and small talk. The store has shifted to the 19th hole.

The man who started the rural golf boom, according to those caught fast in its grip, is the nation's most celebrated golfer, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

"A fellow kind of feels kindred to a man like Ike, who fishes for trout and hunts quail just as we do around here," says John Koser, banker at Missouri Valley, Iowa. "A fellow figures he might try golf, something he wouldn't ordinarily do, just because Ike plays."

John Schramacher of Nebraska City thinks the President has given the game its "biggest boost in 50 years." "Some farmers may be a little peeved at folks in Washington," he said, "but they like and respect Ike. They say, 'If golf is good enough for Ike, it's good enough for us.'"

Some of the rural country clubs that are springing up boast such refinements as grass greens. Others are getting along with oiled sand greens. The Red Cloud club has a nine-hole course and a park with benches bearing the names of such donors as "Bruce Frame, Real Estate" and "Carl Gass, Insurance."

The Red Cloud village-based underwrites the maintenance of the course. The cost is about \$736 a year, but some part of that figure is met by mowing the hay along the fairways and selling it to nearby cattle ranchers.

No town showed more ingenuity in getting itself a country club than Alma, Neb. Five years ago the town, pop. 1,556, took over an abandoned Burlington Railroad depot, moved it just beyond the village limits to get that "outside-the-city country club atmosphere." Some shacks left over from Civilian Conservation Corps days were transformed into a lodge. A nine-hole sand greens course was built, a baseball diamond laid out and a \$60,000 swimming pool constructed. Said one of the venture's sponsors, a banker named Merrill Northcott: "Other towns would give their village squares to have what we have. We are really living now."

All together, Iowa has 159 golf courses now and Nebraska has 35. Country club life suits everybody—farmers, storekeepers, businessmen and professional men—just fine. A Nebraska farmer summed up the feeling about the Eisenhower game. "It's relaxing," he said. "When I'm playing golf, there ain't any hog prices, droughts or corn crops on my mind."



FARMER WIGGINS (above)—tees for golf shots at Red Cloud Country Club.



FARMER SCHANOT, 11-milking dairy, drives to town twice of Nebraska City course after finishing lunch at home. With wife and daughter, Schanot will also use third hole pool.



FARMER JIM GUTENBERG FEEDS CATTLE. THEN LOADS HIS CLUBS AND GOLF CART BEFORE HEADING OUT TO THE GROUND AT BLAIR, WIS.



FARMER GUTENBERG PREPARED TO DRIVE FROM FIRST TEE AND CELLOW PLAYERS' NEIGHBORS PUTT DOWN THE BELLED PATH BY SAND GREEN



FLORIDA CROP BEGINS TO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIMEL ADLER



JUDY PILLSBURY, 17, WON CHAMPIONSHIP FOR GIRLS UNDER 21. IS FLORIDA'S BEST JUNIOR



ED CURVILLE WON THE 21 AND UNDER TITLE



NEW YORKER WENDY STONE WON 17-19 TITLE

RIPEN

With U.S. tennis in near-desperate straits for future Davis and Wightman Cup stars, sunny Florida put the accent on youth and came up with nine serene prospects at the State Junior tennis championships at Daytona Beach last week—the youngest threat to Australia being just 8 years old



JOHN HENDRICKSON CAPTUT THE 11 AND-UNDER



Fritz Schenk took 11 and-under title



HUGHY CURRY 8 WAS YOUNGEST CHAMP



VICKI CURRY MATCHED BROTHER HUGHY



JESSI VANDER BOSCH HENDLE THE 11' SET



VICKIE HUGHES 5 WON THE 11-AND-UNDER

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

INVITATION TO MOSCOW • HELPFUL HINTS FOR BETTING
HOUSEWIVES • A CLIFFHANGER AT SQUAW VALLEY • THE
WORLD MARKET FOR BASEBALL • HOLLYWOOD SLUGGER

MOSCOW'S INVITATION

RUSSIA is asking for a licking. The U.S.S.R. has invited the United States to send a 10-man track and field team to Moscow for a three-day meet next July, and the AAU is now considering its reply.

It would be very agreeable to read in Florida next summer how the Bobby Moore, Pat Summitt, Larry O'Brien and Hal Connollys ran off with all the marbles in front of 100,000 Muscovites in Lenin Stadium. And that is almost surely what would happen. The U.S. would do a jig around the Russian Bear in his own front yard and walk away laughing. Such a gambit would be agreeable but costly, for there is also the question of who would laugh last.

Russia knows she cannot beat the U.S. in track and field. As at Melbourne, she would be certain of victories only in the distance events. Almost without exception, the U.S. would sweep the sprints and field events. So why is Russia so eager to lose?

To compete, U.S. athletes would have to ignore the moral boycott that much of the free world has applied to Russia since the rape of Hungary. What public opinion has been unwilling to approve is not competition with the Russians—that was made clear at Melbourne—but junkets to Soviet territory where the visitors' very presence would allow the Kremlin to say to its own citizens: "Look, they've already forgotten what we did to the Hungarians last year."

Let's hope the Russians, by their immediate actions in the community of nations, make it possible to lift this moral boycott. Otherwise, the AAU would do well to tell Moscow, "Thanks, but no thanks."

THE LADY HORSEPLAYER

THE MANAGEMENT of Laurel race track in Maryland has undertaken a brave campaign designed to put order and logic into the mental processes of women—not all their mental processes, to be sure, but at least those functioning when they bet on horses.

Feeling that women rely much too heavily on intuition in selecting the horses they bet on, Laurel has arranged a series of four educational lectures. The first was given before 60 more or less attentive ladies in the clubhouse lounge by Raleigh S. Burroughs, the dignified, spectacled editor of *Turf and Sport Digest*.

"I may study the horses and know their records," Mr. Burroughs began, "and then you won't make any foolish

bets. The average person isn't emotionally adjusted to be a horseplayer. The thrill of the race is too much for him or her; the thrill of the long shot is too much. People make a lot of foolish bets without providing themselves with adequate information."

Some of the ladies nodded and some wrote in their notebooks; some kept reading the racing literature they had brought along.

"Don't try to bet every race," Mr. Burroughs went on. "The handicapper has to make a selection, but you don't. When you bet, think of the reasons why a horse is a favorite. Don't think you have to make a lot of money on every race. If you bet a favorite \$5 to show and he pays \$2.80 for \$3, then you've made \$3. If you do the same in the next race, you've made a total of \$4."

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Thunderbirds in Le Mans?

Work has halted on two super racing Thunderbirds which the veteran Pete De Paoli has been developing for Ford. But there is still a possibility of a Thunderbird-Corvette duel at Le Mans next June: Le Mans admits that two Thunderbird series are in fact, "by request," declines to name the owner-sponsors. Two Corvettes have been entered by Sportsman Briggs Cunningham.

Chicago Speaks Up

With Cleveland apparently ready to give up as host for 1989's Pan-American Games, Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley has bounced into the picture with the confident proclamation that Chicago has all the facilities needed except a velodrome for bicycle racing, and Chicago could build that.

For the Record

Sportswriters' picks in previous Associated Press poll: Braves 350 voted to win in the National League, Dodgers 137, Red Sox 126, in the American League; the Yankees \$12 to \$3, Yankees last year; Yanks and Dodgers.

Congressional Front

Rep. Kenneth E. Keating of New York is offering a significant bill for baseball, football, hockey and basketball. Main points: (1) "business aspects" such as television contracts to come under the antitrust laws, (2) playing aspects, including the reserve clause, to be exempt, (3) collective bargaining guaranteed to the athletes.

Mr. Burroughs went on in that vein and then answered a few questions from the audience.

All in all, it seemed like a most satisfactory session, and as Laurel officials congratulated Mr. Burroughs and each other, the lady betters gathered in little groups and compared notes.

"I was at Bowie the other day," said a middle-aged lady from Washington, "and it was a beautiful sunny day. I sat in the sun and read my program, and there it was: a horse named Noble Sun was running. Naturally I bet on him. He paid \$15."

Another woman nodded. "The other day at Bowie," she said, "I decided to



bet on horses with white forefeet. I had five winners. Today I'm going to bet on My Boots." She looked around and then explained: "One time I had a dog named Boots."

Suddenly there was a whole chorus of voices:

"I bet black horses. They always look so strong."

"I go down in the paddock and look at the owner. Then, somehow, I always feel I can tell whether his horse has been doing well or not."

"I bet horses with nautical names, because my son is in the Navy."

"But wait," someone asked, "would you do if there were two horses with nautical names in the same race?"

"Oh, then," said the nautical better promptly, "I'd flip a coin."

The second lecturer in Laurel's lecture series was Walter Haight, racing writer for *The Washington Post*. Wearing baggy pants and a sports jacket, he peered over his horn-rimmed glasses and saw what he was up against. After speaking briefly on the subject of scientific betting, he dropped all pretense when one of the ladies asked him his choice in the daily double.

"I always play six and three," said Mr. Haight promptly, "because when my son was 8 years old he had a football uniform with the number 63 on the back."

The ladies hurried out to the betting windows and a little later those who had followed Mr. Haight's hunch collected \$97 for \$2 after Extra Easy, No. 6, had won the first race and Knockabout, who was No. 3, had taken the second.

Which, if it is not scientific, is likewise not hay.

COCHRAN'S DISCOVERY

RATHER CLUMSY, a Seattle "golfer" named S. D. Cochran read a short piece about himself in this section of the March 18 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. It told how, in the Trans-Mississippi Series Tournament at Las Vegas, Mr. Cochran—who in his life fired 12 tee shots in succession into the water on the 16th hole, then hit one to the edge of the greens and three-puttied for a 24.

Cochran did not renounce the game. In the same issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in which he read about himself he also read "The Second Lesson" by Ben Hogan—taking special note of Hogan's admonition to keep the elbows close together.

"I gave it a try," Cochran writes, "and it gave me a shuddering swing." (Shuddering is hitting the ball more with the shaft of a golf club than the head. It is roughly the equivalent of hitting a handball with the wrist instead of the palm.) Cochran had been shanking for six months—a spell which reached its climax on that 16th hole at Las Vegas—and suddenly he stopped. "Is a dozen games since applying the idea," he says, "I have not been guilty of a single shank."

"A few days ago," he continues happily, "I watched a fellow club member shank the ball on six holes in a row. I finally took pity on him and revealed my secret. My subsequent financial loss was greatly overshadowed by his unbounded pleasure."

PREVIEW OF A THRILLER

WHEN *TONTAILER* hit the finish line of the North American downhill skiing championships at Squaw Valley, shoreside site for the 1960 Winter Olympics, he was, as usual, miles ahead of everyone else and not even breathing hard. Pushing back his goggles, he passed judgment on the course in this, its first official racing test.

"It is not the world's best downhill course," he said. "It's not long enough, not steep enough and it isn't straight." Thus spoke Jack Naffer, but in Squaw Valley, for the first time in his skiing life, Teel was only a bit player, a voice from the wings is what may become the most popular westerns thriller of the next three years. The title of the serial is "Will Squaw Valley Lose the Games?" or "How Can You Build All Those Facilities in the High Sierra by 1960?" Here with the plot:

Wayne Paulsen, a retired Pan-American pilot who owns most of the

land in Squaw Valley, is indulging in a bitter feud with Alex Cushing, the man who got the Olympics for the valley (SI, July 31, '55). Cushing controls 600 acres, and owns outright the existing ski facilities, namely a lodge, a few outbuildings and one ski lift. Paulsen and Cushing used to be partners in the corporation that built the valley into a ski resort. But somewhere along the line Paulsen lost a proxy fight to Cushing and got tossed out of the corporation. Now Paulsen is crying foul play, and claiming that Cushing is likely to make a one-man killing on the Olympics.

Cushing, at the moment, isn't saying anything. He has turned over his holdings to the California Olympic Commission with the understanding that he gets them all back—plus, perhaps, benefits, from whatever sewage disposal, fiscal control and parking facilities the commission may build. Paulsen, however, is battling to get the sewers, drainage system and parking lot built farther down Cushing's lodge and closer to a shopping center that Paulsen plans to build sometime between now and 1960. To swing the fight his way, Paulsen is threatening to sit on 32 acre that the commission feels it must have to build a proper Olympic Village.

That is where matters stood until two weeks ago when California State Senator Harold Johnson, fed up with the sounds of mountain warfare, introduced into the legislature an omnibus bill granting \$2,500,000 for Olympic construction (the commission already has \$5 million in the till) but also allowing the state to take over Paulsen's 32 acres if Paulsen doesn't play ball.

Nobody really wants to use the eminent-domain clause, because of possible legal delays. But it gives the



state a sword to use in the fencing match with Paulsen.

The big questions now are, how long will it take for Paulsen to give in, and how far will he give? Possibly the only man in California who doesn't care about the answer is Avery Brundage, chief of the International Olympic Committee. Sitting in the sun on a Santa Barbara vacation, Brundage, a veteran of unpopularity of these pre-Olympic battles, quietly assured a

continued on page 27



"He's got fast as all God created, Trammie had more steam but he was wild. Roserick? Well, you'd never know. You'd get a good straight throw out of him for four or five years, then he'd be all over the place the next four or five. He was had a sort of slow job. Reminded you a little of Coolidge when he first came up . . ."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reporter that the Games would be held in Squaw Valley, come Cushing, come Poulson or come the application of the right of eminent domain.

"We have a firm agreement with the organizing committee here in California," said Brundage, "as to what facilities will be provided at Squaw Valley, and we have no reason to believe that this agreement is not going to be kept. Moreover, the government of California promised that the resources of this great state would be pledged to the job of providing those facilities."

Yes, but how can ski jumps, a bob-sled run, two ice-skating rinks, new ski lifts, not to mention the sewers and parking lots, possibly be built in remote Squaw Valley by 1932?

"You can," said Brundage calmly, "get any job done if you just spend the money."

THE LISTENERS

BASEBALL FANS in Saudi Arabia, South Africa, Venezuela, Greenland and other unlikely places listened to the opening-day game on their radios Monday, though they didn't get the word quite as fast as followers in the metropolis. For the overseas audience, which was served by the vast short-wave facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service, there was a seven-second delay.

Using transmitters on both the East and West coasts of the U.S., the AFRS beams nearly five hours of radio a day to American troops and sailors almost anywhere on earth. Civilians are welcome to listen, too—and they do. For mail comes in regularly from missionaries, merchant seamen and oil-company employees, as well as from servicemen.

A recent AFPS offer to send major league baseball schedules to anyone who wrote in for them drew an unexpectedly heavy response. From First Bick in the Calabar Province of Nigeria, West Africa, the Rev. Philip N. Enet wrote, "Kindly send the Major League baseball schedule referred to on your sports program tonight." In the Mediterranean, where his ship forms part of the Sixth Fleet, a gunner's mate modeled his letter on the best military style: "It is requested," he wrote, "that I be furnished the 1937 National and American League Baseball Schedules. . . ."

It was, in fact, requested by so many hundreds of listeners that the New York office of the AFPS quickly used up its modest supply of printed schedules and had to send mimeographed ones instead. The overseas fans knew that a total of 136 regular-season games will be broadcast this year, and they want to be ready.

Armed Forces Radio doesn't limit itself to sports, of course; it sends music, news, Bob Hope, *The Tonight Show* and other commercial shows out to the rest of the world, where anyone with a short-wave receiver and a knowledge of English can listen and marvel. In football season it broadcasts two college games on Saturdays and two pro games on Sundays. And it is generous with the time it gives to basketball, golf tournaments, track meets, the Indianapolis "500" and even the Soap Box Derby.

The puzzling seven-second delay of live broadcasts is effected not by the use of a time machine or the fourth dimension, but simply by recording as incoming show on tape and broadcasting the playback only moments later. As soon as the words "home hit," for example, enter the control room (over a direct line from the ball park) they go onto the continuously moving tape. Seconds later they enter another machine, and the words come off the tape and are broadcast. This—and here is the real reason for the time lag—when the first rap of a commercial is heard, the engineer has time in which to tune the tape out and tune in a live announcer who reads off a few items of sports news or gives some out-of-town scores. It seems like a lot of trouble, but the Department of Defense, which has problems enough on its hands preparing to deal with enemies from with-

out, doesn't want to risk up enemies from within by giving free worldwide publicity to one company's razor blades or beer while another company's product gets a score.

Any broadcast that covers so much of the world is bound to reach many listeners at a rather awkward hour of the day or night. Members of the AFPS sports staff have been mystified by the number of requests from Glean Europe and the Middle East for broadcasts of night baseball. Such a demand from New Zealand, the Caribbean or the Canal Zone is to be expected, for those areas the game would be over at a reasonable hour. But the last inning of a night game in Yankee Stadium or any other East Coast ball park would reach Germany at around 5 a.m. and Saudi Arabia well after daylight.

It takes a fairly enthusiastic fan to sit up that late with a baseball game. But of course such occasions would be exceptional; most of this year's scheduled broadcasts are day games. They will be over well before midnight in Germany, and even in Saudi Arabia the fans can hear them and still be in bed by 2 a.m.

HOME RUN STUART

IN THE Pittsburgh Pirates' training camp this spring, Manager Bucky Bragan sometimes felt like a man who would have a pearl if only he could open the oyster. The pearl was the batting performance of a 24-year-old rookie named Dick Stuart—and the oyster was his performance in the field. Last year in Lincoln, Nebraska, Stuart hit 46 home runs, and he kept right on hitting them in Florida this spring. But Bragan admitted, sadly, that Dick Stuart was perhaps the worst outfielder he had ever seen, and reluctantly farmed him out to the Hollywood Stars.

This didn't bother Stuart at all. A man of sublime self-confidence, he has never been known to speak a word of anything but praise for himself. "I'll be back," he told Bragan in farewell. Moreover, he promised that if the Pirates call him back soon enough he will lead the National League in home runs this year.

On this buoyant note Dick Stuart left for Hollywood. There, in the first four games of the season, he promptly hit five homers and ran up a .437 batting average. And while the dispatches from the West Coast didn't exactly glow with accounts of his brilliant fielding, they didn't say, either, that a fly ball had hit him on the head.



WRONG CLUB

His club was wrong.
His game was a fright;
He called for a hard wedge
Got most beef on white.

—TERRA AUSTIN



CHARACTERISTIC GUMMINESS (over) Manager Fred Hutchinson's craggy face as he discusses pitch with admiring umpire.

HOPE OF

The old GasHouse Gang is history now, but their fiercely competitive tradition is being carried on by a young Cardinal named Moon

by ROBERT CREAMER

THIS season, for what seems the first time in a long, long while, the St. Louis Cardinals have been seriously mentioned as a possibility to win the National League pennant. They are still buggaboos, but at the odds (10 to 1 at the last reading) they are a solid bet, for knowing baseball men insist that only one or two things need happen for St. Louis to be the surprise of the league.

This optimism, however guarded, derives to a substantial degree from the presence in the Cardinal lineup of a heavy-browed, lean-faced young (27) man named Wally Moon. Such reasoning requires justification, for Moon is neither the strongest hitter on the Cardinals, nor the best fielder, nor the fastest base runner, and he doesn't pitch. Yet of him Fred Hutchinson, the dour, underdemonstrative manager of the Cardinals, says, "I wish all my players were like him." And Jack Burk, a St. Louis sports broadcaster, agrees. "If a manager had 25 players like Moon, he'd have no more worries." Earlier in the spring Billie Tishnets of the *Cincinnati Redlegs* said of Moon: "He's not a great ballplayer and he never will be, because he can't do everything. He can't throw and he can't hit left-handed pitching. But he's a good fielder and he's always on base. And he's always trying to beat you. He's a good ballplayer, a real good ballplayer."

Jack Herman, baseball writer for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, explained the paradox of high praise for Moon despite his lack of the heroic skills. "Wally," Herman said proudly, "is a real GasHouse."

For St. Louis Cardinal partisans, no further explanation is necessary. Others may require a quick peer back into history:

The Cardinals of 1935 were a colorful group of ballplayers, aggressive, brash, indomitable, unshuffled. The year before, they had won the National League pennant and the World Series with their hell-bent-lar-dection band of baseball. Dizzy Dean, their star pitcher, would mow men opposing batters and deliberately pitch with strength, daring the batter to hit and laughing at him when he failed. Pepper Martin would blithely try for an extra base, lose his race with the throw coming from the outfield and then turn defeat into victory with a crunching headfirst slide that sent dust, his opponent and the ball flying in different directions.

MUDCATS IN THE GASHOUSE

The original GasHouse Gang was an incarnation of the field in on, Coach Terry Moore, who broke in with the Cardinals in 1933, reminisced recently about Pepper Martin's famous Mississippi Mudcats country-music band that started as clubhouse fun and eventually commanded a \$1,000 fee for playing on national radio broadcasts. "Pepper played the banjo-guitar," Moore recalls. "And Lonny Warnick played the guitar. Fiddle Bill McGee played the fiddle. He held it down low, in the crook of his arm. I never did see him put it under his chin. He'd sit there tonight and tonight, and every night, holding the fiddle down low and rocking away on it. Bob Weiland played the jug. Boomp, boomp, Boomp, boomp. And Frenky Bantagosa played the washboard. You know, running a stick up and down on it. Durn, they practiced all the time. They drove Frank Frisch crazy. Their favorite song was *Raggle Gai*. I heard *Raggle Gai* so often I used to dream it at night: 'Raggle Gai, ain't you comin' out tonight, comin' out tonight, comin' out tonight.' Frisch couldn't stand it. He used to say he was going to trade McGee and send Weiland down to the minors just to break up the Mudcats. We sure had a lot of fun."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR BRONSTEIN

ST. LOUIS

Manager Frank Frisch, from second base, and Lippy Lee Darocher, from shortstop, would charge in together at an umpire who had, they felt, made a bum call, outraged fury in their eyes, the cords of their necks standing out as they roared a twin howl of protest unmatched in baseball before or since.

They were a tough team, a rowdy team. They were supremely confident and ferociously competitive, and they had almost no respect for anything but victory.

They came into New York one day in 1938 to play the Giants. The day previously they had played with their usual abandon on a muddy field in Boston, and by the end of the game their uniforms were filthy with earth and perspiration. For some reason there wasn't time to have the uniforms cleaned before the next day's game, and so the damp, dirty suits were packed into the team's trunks and sent on to New York.

When the Cardinals walked onto the green turf of the Polo Grounds the next afternoon, their gray road uniforms were grimy and wrinkled beyond belief. The white home suits of the Giants, freshly laundered and impeccably clean, stood out in blinding contrast.

The Cardinals didn't care. Their infield—Bipper Collins at first, Frisch, Darocher and Martin, who was at third—changed their raucous way through pregame drill. Their unkempt attire seemed a perfect complement to their beligerent faces.

"Look at them," said Joe Val, a New York sports editor. "They look like the gang that hangs around down by the gashouse."

Baseball writers in Val's presence picked up "the gang from the gashouse" phrase. They used it in conversation at first and then in their copy. The name caught on, and almost at once the St. Louis Cardinals had become the Gashouse Gang.

The name stuck even though the original gang of players did not. And even today, more than 33 years after that day in the Polo Grounds, the greatest compliment a St. Louis fan can pay to a Cardinal player is to say, as Jack Herman said of Wally Moon: "He's a real Gashouseer."

In Moon's case, of course, the Gashouse characteristics are not blatantly obvious. Off the field, for example, his behavior is about as different from that of Pepper Martin, the spiritual leader, so to speak, of the old Gashouse Gang, as Lucien Barber's is from Tony Galletto's. Pepper was always a mischievous boy, even at the end of his playing career. Moon was a mature, reasoning adult even as a rookie. Pepper dropped paper bags filled with water out of hotel windows, raced midsize automobiles, played practical jokes,

continued on page 14



OO.OO.OO DETERMINATION etc. Wally Moon's mouth is tight like a dog as he looks but perfectly to steel pitch. Glasses and wicked follow-through (bottom) reflect his Gashouse heritage.

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A WILDERNESS EXPLODES

When the ancient Great Smokies burst into bloom, their beauty catches at men's souls. So come for a wilderness walk and hear spring's call

by JOHN O'REILLY

WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME in the Smokies the wildflowers put on a show that makes the Great Smoky Mountains National Park the most spectacular segment of nature in the eastern half of America. At this time of the year these old mountains are clothed with a floral display so varied and so lavish that only those with hearts of stone could fail to be exhilarated by their special call of spring, a call that makes a groven man want to romp in flowers like the bear cubs born into this mountain idyl.

Next week individuals dedicated to the study and enjoyment of wildflowers will journey to the park from all over the rest of the country to participate in the annual Spring Wildflower Pilgrimage, the seventh time that this unusual type of floral festival has been held. Park rules forbid romps with bears, but the pilgrims will enjoy the big flower show in many other ways. For four days beginning April 24, the visitors will stroll this mountain wonderland in groups, each group under the guidance of a park naturalist or some other expert on the flora of the region.

Their activities will carry on into the night, for when not viewing flowers they will be talking about them. In the evenings they gather at wildflower clinics, where members of the park staff and botany professors will answer questions regarding plant identifications and such and the pilgrims will linger to talk flowers.

About a thousand wildflower enthusiasts are expected for the pilgrimage, but they will be only a small fraction of the hundreds of thousands of visitors, ranging from housewives to horticulturists, who will greet spring in the Smokies.

With Gatlinburg, Tenn., just north of the park boundary, as their rendezvous point, the pilgrims spread out in search of favored flower-hunting grounds in the 507,122 acres which comprise the national park and which include parts of both North Carolina and Tennessee. Here they find themselves in a preserved part of that mighty forest which once extended unbroken from southern Canada to northern Florida. Of the total park area 150,000 acres are in virgin forest, the largest such tract in the East.

Over years of study botanists have recorded more than 1,300 native species of flowering plants in the park. Included are 130 species of native trees, more than are found on the entire continent of Europe.

Pilgrimage leaders take their groups to the richest-flowering areas of the park. This is sometimes a difficult choice, for the Smokies put on their flower show in a profligate fashion. On sparsely wooded slopes white carpets of the fringed phloxes extend for acres. Cliffs overhanging mountain streams are festooned with red curtains of wild columbine. It is common for flower lovers to welcome the spring violets in their local woods. In the Smokies springtime finds more than 30 species of violets in bloom.

In the Smokies spring also arrives vertically. The first trees and flowers start blooming along streams and in coves at the foot of the mountains. Gradually the bloom spreads up the mountainsides until it reaches the peaks over 5,000 feet high. Early in the season it is springtime down in the valley, but the mountaintops still have a wintry aspect with patches of the last snow still lingering beneath the trees.

This altitude of the southern Appalachians is one of the reasons for the great plant variety. In driving the highway leading through the park and on up to Clingmans Dome, which has an altitude of 6,863 feet, the visitor passes through the same vegetation zones as he would on a trip from Georgia to Canada.

What does one do on a wildflower pilgrimage? What makes it different from any other wildflower study? These questions were answered for me when I joined up once and went along on a number of these wildflower safaris. Flower watchers, as the whole, turned out to be even more static than bird watchers. There were many types, of course, and their ages varied greatly, but all had the same enthusiasms.

There was no charge for any part of the pilgrimage program, but on arrival the pilgrims were required to register and sign up on a first-come-first-served basis for those events in which the participants were limited. A typical

continued

SMOKIES ON DISPLAY

COMMON NAME

TREES

TIME

Black locust	April-May
Cucumber magnolia, cucumber tree	April-May
Flowering dogwood	April
Fraser magnolia, mountain magnolia	April-May
Paulownia, crepevine tree	April
Pink cherry, red cherry	April-May
Redbud	March-April
Servia, serviceberry, shadblow	March-April
Silverbell, opopanax wood, pawnee	April-May
Tulip tree, yellow poplar	April-May
Umbrella magnolia	April-May
Wild black cherry	March-May
Yellowwood	April-May

SHRUBS

Dog hobble	April-May
Flame azalea	May-June
Maple-leaf viburnum	May
Mountain fritterbush, mountain rosemary	May
Mountain laurel	May-June
Pale sweet shrub	March-May
Flowerblossom azalea, pink azalea	March-April
Red elder	March-May
Sand myrtle	May-June
Wick ashbark, hobblerbush, yuccaweed	April-May

OTHER FLOWERING PLANTS

Allegheny foamflower	April
Blackberry	May
Bleeding heart	April
Butterfly violet	April
Canada violet, tall white violet	April
Catspaw trillium	April
Columbine	April-May
Creeping phlox	April-May
Creeping phlox	March-April
Crested iris	April-May
Cross vine	May
Fawn fly, trout fly, dogtooth violet	April
Fire pink	April
Fringed phlox	April
Fringed polygala	April
Gray pentstemon, beard tongue	May
Indian paintbrush	April-May
Johnny-jump-up, field pansy	March-April
Large-flowered white trillium	April-May
Large yellow lady-slipper	May
Lilac bird's-foot violet	April
Longspurred violet	March-April
Love-leafed sage, catnipweed	May
Marsh blue violet	April
Once daisy	May
Pink lady-slipper	May
Pink lady-slipper	April-May
Purple trillium, lilac-wooded trillium	March-May
Sharp-lobed Hepatica, liverleaf	March
Sherry cress	April-May
Small's Senecio	May
Small yellow lady-slipper	May
Spring beauty	March-May
Sweet Williams phlox	March-April
Umbrella-leaf	May
Vasey's trillium	April-May
Wand flower, bee-weed	May
White trillium	March-May
Wild geranium	April
Yellow trillium	March-April

Blue-pink rhododendron (*Rhododendron austrinum*) begins flowering in late May at its lowest limits (3,000 feet); it reaches its blossoming peak June 10-20. The great white rhododendron (*R. maximum*) blooms in June and July.

A WILDERNESS EXPLODES

continued

day's program in the Smokies starts with a morning bird walk because flower watchers often dabble in bird watching and vice versa. The bird walk I attended started at 7:30 a.m. at the park headquarters and was led by Arthur Stupka, Chief Park Naturalist, who knows the flora and fauna of the Smokies as few men do. He has been tramping those trails for 22 years.

Forty pilgrims turned up at that crisp hour, and the naturalist moved toward some birdy shrubbery with his flock close behind him, like a hen with an unusually large brood of chicks. Soon they were all plying binoculars as Stupka kept up a running comment, "We're looking at that double tulip tree and in the very top of it is a cowbird. In the distance I hear a Louisiana water thrush. A black-throated blue warbler sings just opposite us. Are you all familiar with the pine siskin? They live in the North, but they frequently winter with us and sometimes nest. There goes a goldfinch."

The bird walk took about an hour and went off smoothly except it was plain that some of the flower people were pretty weak on birds.

"They tell me that's a red-eyed vireo," one woman said, "and I can't even see the vireo much less the eye."

The bird walk was just a warmup for the more strenuous flower hunting during the rest of the day. Some were half-day trips, and some took all day. Some involved a journey by car and then a walk of up to seven miles. There were Wildflower Motorcades in which a ranger led a line of cars through the park, stopping at rich spots near the road. Others were photographic tours during which the pilgrims, decorated with cameras and light meters, trained their photographic gear on many a flower which hitherto had bunched unseen.

Some started the Ferns and Mosses Walk. Others joined Botanical Motorcades up to Clingmans Dome, studying the floral zones and tree distribution. There are record-size specimens of 19 species of trees growing in this national park.

As a starter I signed up for a modest three-mile walk along the Huckleberry Gap Trail. As the group moved slowly up the steep path our leaders paused to point out some flower and tell something about it. Others in the group kept up a running comment. At one point two women bent over an odd-looking frond projecting from the ground.

Not continued on page 17

WOODLAND WALK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK

Into the cathedral hush of an awakening wilderness Park Naturalist Henry W. Litz usually leads the wildflower pilgrims who come to see the unforgettable advent of spring in the Great Smokies (opposite page). What they see is shown in the eight pages of color photographs which follow—the loveliness which each year draws hundreds of thousands, from honeymooners to horticulturists, to this most heavily visited of all our national parks: the breathless miracle of spring.





Early birders

Wildflower enthusiasts here to bird watching on morning walk led by premier naturalist around the National Park headquarters

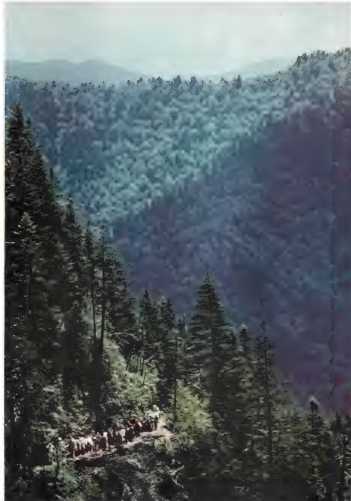


The Smoky blue

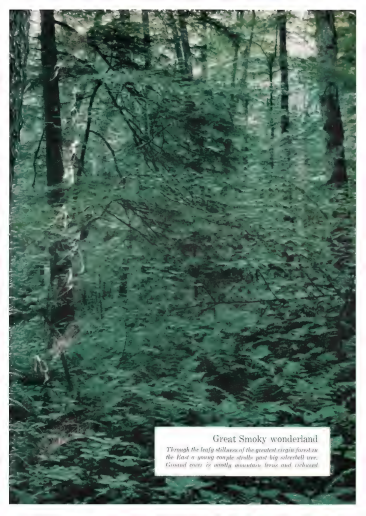
Though late of early summer, Mt. Mingus appears in the background as hikers ascend the trail to Mt. Le Conte in June

Spring carpet

Pringed placelia covers a bank beside a park road. One of the common spring flowers, it sometimes spreads over several acres







Great Smoky wonderland

Through the leafy stillness of the greatest virgin forest on the East a young couple strolls past big silverbell trees. Ground cover is mostly mountain ferns and orchids.





Flowery trail

Park Naturalist Vernon Gilbert Jr. leads hikers through thickets of June-blooming rhododendron forest at elevations above 8,500 feet

Shadowed rest

Hikers on way up Mt. LeConte pause beneath Alum Cave Bluffs. They still have two and a half miles to go to reach the summit

Traffic hazard

Yearling black bears search for grub along main highway in the park. Rules prohibit feeding them, but the bears don't know the rules





Mountain sunset

The warm glow of a mountain sunset rewards two climbers at Cliff Top after a 4,000-foot climb. Perch of metamorphosed shale is one of three main peaks of Mt. LeConte

A WILDERNESS EXPLODES

continued

"It looks fierce, doesn't it?" one said.

"Reptilian," said the other.

One woman explained that although some species of trillium grow singly or in pairs the big, white ones grow in large patches.

"They enjoy the company of their fellow trillium," she explained. Incidentally, you can find seven species of trillium growing in the park.

One of the best walks was along the Porter's Creek Gap Trail. After a drive of 10 miles we left the cars and hiked into an area which contains some of the largest virgin forest in the park. Henry Lix, park naturalist, walked at the head of the long file of pilgrims. There was the real feeling of the primeval forest. The hikers followed a trail winding upward through huge hemlocks, tulip trees, basswoods and yellow buckeyes. Shafts of light came down through their towering tops to make spotlights on the ground cover. At one spot Porter's Creek tumbled down the mountainside in a series of cascades. There was a long pause here while the pilgrims went to work with their cameras.

The next day during a motorcycle to Clingmans Dome, Stupka gathered his flock around one of the garbage cans beside the road. He explained that they had had considerable trouble with their garbage cans. Frequently skunks

would climb into them looking for scraps and then couldn't climb out again. When the collecting crew came along a man would grab the can and toss a skunk into the truck, usually getting sprayed as a result. Finally, the problem was solved by fastening a rough board inside each can. Now, if a skunk jumps in he can climb out again.

It was on this trip that we saw our first spring bears along the highway. If there is one thing that causes more excitement than spring flowers in the park it is a bear. Bears learn to moosh grab from visitors and have considerable success despite all warnings and regulations of the Park Service. Visitors also get bowled over when they are foolish enough to get between a mother bear and her cubs. Bears bring headaches to the park staff, yet they comprise one of the park's biggest attractions. Even adults have been known to cry when they didn't get to see a bear on their visit to the Smokies.

Although the wildflower pilgrims will depart after four days of flower study, their places will be filled by other thousands who visit the park all year long. The Smokies put on a series of shows. There will be another big influx to Gatlinburg in June and July when the rhododendrons are in bloom. Here, again, these old mountains are lavish in their displays, for the park has 16,000 acres covered with rhododendron and laurel. If put into one patch that would mean 28 square miles covered with these flowering plants. And that is some wildflower garden. (EWS)

FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN IN THE SMOKIES

by HORACE SUTTON

THE mountain village of Gatlinburg at the main gateway of Great Smoky Mountains National Park offers a handsome assortment of motels, hotels, mountain bachelors, candy kitchens that turn out edible disguised Bismarcks and other necessities of the tourist in the field.

Gatlinburg is a settlement that grew from bare feet to Cadillacs in one generation, or so they say down in the hills. Anyway, since the formal dedication of the park in 1940, most of the people are not merely shed but well-heeled. The local telephone directory, while hardly thicker than a theater program, lists 57 Ogles, 38 Reagans, 21 Trenthams, 15 Whalesys—not to mention the assorted Hufts and Maples—who between them own 82% of the place. Almost any sunny afternoon, now that spring is here, one can pass the time ogling the assorted Ogles who sit in front of the Ogle Supermarket ogling all the girls who go by.

Through the soft spring air comes the hypnotic whooshing of the Little Pigeon River as it rushes through towns over a carpet of stones, forming islands on which the townsfolk have built

pleasant riverside motels. One of the pleasantest in Twin Islands, which offers duplex drive-ins fitted with oak paneling and green-tinted glass on the windows, at \$16 a summer's night. Its honeymoon islands is inhabited by four secluded units with floor-to-ceiling glass walls at \$16 a night. There is a pool for swimming (one of a score in town), and a fisherman with a license can drop a legal line into Little Pigeon now that the herringheads are, as they say, a-butterin'.

Motels and a quartet of bona fide hotels are shoulder to shoulder along Parkway, a main street bordered with degraded that erupts with the wane of April into pinkish popcorn. The Bearskin Motel, which, like most of the better drive-ins in Gatlinburg, has air conditioning and TV in every room, gets \$12 a night at the top of the season for a room with two double beds. Rustic cabins that are cooled by air conditioning and heated by a fireplace cost \$11 for a two-room suite sleeping three. Honeymoon cottages are \$8. And the fare includes continental breakfast.

The four hotels, namely the Mountain View, the Graystone, the Riverside and the New Gatlinburg Inn, offer among them probably the best

values of any resort town in the country today. Although most will take guests with or without meals, their American plan rates run from \$8 to \$12 a day. Most have air-conditioned rooms. The Mountain View has 100 pine-paneled rooms. The Graystone, aside from its main house, offers super-plush patio rooms of rich Oregon spruce and lavender Tennessee marble, with one wall of sliding glass panels opening to a private patio. The price is \$15 a day with meals, and you can have them served elsewhere in an electric cart upon payment of a supplemental tip. The dining room of the Riverside opens onto the pool, and the New Gatlinburg Inn, which offers only European plan rates, has one of the best kitchens in town dispensing rainbow trout and hush puppies and roast beef dinners, all served with hot southern breads, mountain honey and desserts from the tray, the whole works for less than \$3. A sky lift snails upward alongside the New Gatlinburg to Crockett Mountain, and the hotel has a picnic area for guests on Little Pigeon River. It will also arrange horseback riding at Bear Wallow Dude Ranch, two miles off in the hills.

continued

FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

continued

Although there are no outstanding restaurants in town there certainly is one inescapable dish—country ham which arrives floating in red-eye gravy. (The red eye, made from the juices and fat of the ham itself, is a delight when topped up in hot biscuits, but the country ham which, for reasons that escape me, sells for \$2 a pound in the butcher shop, tastes like nothing so much as salted brisket.) Nominations from this department would include the New Gatlinburg Inn's dining room; Sweden House, a branch of the Chicago house of herring by the same name; and Hay's, which serves a family-style all-you-can-eat-for-\$1 lunch, under a rotating art exhibit hung on the burlap-covered walls.

Beer with a breeze

There is a tavern in the town, but just one, and it is called Frank's after the owner, whose windows are decorated with geraniums and whose speech is spiced with a breeze. Beer is the only legal libation. Anyone in need of a stronger cure can repair to the Elks Club. Most local innkeepers are members, and privileges are extendible.

Watching the candymakers whose kitchens are scattered along Parkway has become such a spectacular sport that some taffy-pullers have had to put up railings to protect their plate glass. Old Smokey Candy Kitchen turns out lemon-pecan divinity, licorice marshmallow cream caramels and other inducements of avoidupois, while across the street the Old Cane Mill dispenses marzipan ham-and-eggs in a frying pan, Davy Crockett bear steaks and candy salami gut together—Lindy's should pardon me—of coconut, cashew nuts and chocolate. Aunt Mahalia's candy place, home of the edible dogwood blossoms, makes stick candy by hand each night, and last year the show attracted so many people that a portrait artist showed up and made sketches of visitors while they watched the exhibitions.

The craftsshops, of which the Beta Phi Phi Arrow Craftshop probably offers the best selection, offer hand-blown glass from West Virginia, wood carvings, brooms, hooked chair mats and other indispensables. There are fine wood pieces at the Wood Whittlers, who will copy anything from the ark to a wooden nickel in anything from black walnut to black gum.

Husbands who eschew flower-griffing will find the new Gatlinburg Golf

Course a day's exercise indeed. Built in the foothills of the mountains, it already has tunneled under one hill and is being pressured into installing a sort of golfers' ski tow that will pull the player from one low-lying green to the next steep tee.

As for the local fishing, the record trout, a brown, brought in last year, weighed nine pounds. There are over 600 miles of fishing streams in the park itself, with the best of the go at Hazel, Forney, Catalochee and Big Creek, all of which require a hike. On two park streams, Beasley and Little Pigeon, the fishing is for fun only. The park season runs from May 16 to August 31, but it is only 23 miles to the TVA Douglas Lake for all-year-round bass, crappie, pike and bream.

One way of exacting a promise of docility from the Kinder is to propose a visit to the Cherokee Indian Reservation, which juts into the park on the south. Cherokee in Sioux headbands twirl lances in front of the braves' barracks, but a more representative idea of Cherokee life can be seen at the Oconaluftee Indian Village and in the outdoor pageant *Unto These Hills*, which concerns the days when the Cherokee Indians were deported from the area. (Another pageant, *Clucky Jack*, played in a new outdoor theater near Gatlinburg depicts the beginnings of Tennessee.)

For those who would rather be cowboys, the Catalochee Ranch, which takes just 30 guests, is a 1,000-acre preserve adjoining the park at Waynesville, N.C. Like half a dozen other operators, the ranch dispatches horses and park trips into the park. Also on the North Carolina side is famous Fontana Village, a gigantic spread with room for 1,200 guests complete with cafeteria, dining room, and supermarket for do-it-yourself living. There are a theater, playground, swimming pools, a boat dock for cruising on Fontana Lake (which has no closed season on fishing) and riding stables. Fontana is 77 miles from Gatlinburg.

There is a seclusion at Le Conte Lodge, an inn stuck in the crags of the Smokies and reachable only by horse or foot. A seven-mile uphill stroll, Le Conte has room for 40 and is owned by Jack Hall of the Mountain View Hotel in Gatlinburg. Finally, there are five campgrounds where anyone who feels like Davy Crockett can pitch his tent and play King of the Wild Frontier—with water taps, picnic tables, fireplaces, comfort stations and a concessionaire who sells wood, operating conveniently just alongside. (E.S.S.)



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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Bob Catena, 35-year-old Louisville entrepreneur, nailed pins for 706 in four consecutive, added 739 in doubles, 652 in singles to establish new all-events record of 2,095 for nine games in air-conditioned ABC tournament at Fort Worth.



Jim Scudling, 35-year-old Louisville entrepreneur, nailed pins for 706 in four consecutive, added 739 in doubles, 652 in singles to establish new all-events record of 2,095 for nine games in air-conditioned ABC tournament at Fort Worth.

RECORD BREAKERS

James Ned McInnes, **Dennis Hennessey** and **Jay Miller** set off in good start but 52.2 underling by **Sophomore Denny Weldon**, who better than gave **Kilgus** (Calt) U.S. franchise new U.S. International record of 3:23.3 for 400-yard freestyle relay in winning 5:16 dual meet with **Reverly Mills** at **Kilgus** pool. (April 12.)

BASKETBALL

Reverly Mills, pulled eight down to win by 10-point margin 52.2 underling by **Sophomore Denny Weldon**, who better than gave **Kilgus** (Calt) U.S. franchise new U.S. International record of 3:23.3 for 400-yard freestyle relay in winning 5:16 dual meet with **Reverly Mills** at **Kilgus** pool. (April 12.)

TENNIS

Frankie Gonzalez, still daily enjoying about quelling **Jack Kramer's** touring group, took time off from touring facts of tennis life to **Angie Kim Hennessey** to beat **Frank Parker** and **Tom Trabert**, took off his big serve for 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 triumph over **Frankie Parker** in world pro tournament final at Cleveland last page 171. **Whitney Little** **Frankie**, after dropping his third final to **Big Frankie** "Gonzalez" at just two toughs. "Gonzalez" then turned his attention back to **Russell**, winning 6-4, 2-6, 4-4 at Detroit in straight lead to 3-1.

BADMINTON

Finn Kabbene, lucky 21-year-old Dane, held off returning **World Champion** **Bobie Channing** of **China** in straight sets, rolled in sharp angle shots and powerful forehand drive to win second U.S. Open title 15-11, 2-15, 15-4 at Spokane. Women's champion, career-capped **Joy Devlin** of **Ontario Mills, N.Y.**, 11-3, 11-6 victor over **Margaret Yarnes**.

HORSE RACING

Long-shot 5-year-old gave themselves and their backers a day last Saturday, romping off with big money at **Gallopwood**, **Janina** and **Kremwood**. **Biggest winner** was **light-weight** 1091 pounds **La Verda**, a **broodmare** stepped from behind to **near** **dark** looking and **topweight** 1226 pounds **Federal Hill** for 24-to-1 pay off in 225,000 **Hollywood** Day Handicap at **Gallopwood**. **Mr. Jive**, off at 8 to 1 and with more than **total** eye on **Derby**, failed to **front** under steady whipping by **Holly** **Franklin** to take 535,149 **Gallopwood** Handicap at **Janina**. **Calvin** **Farr's** 3 to 1 **Brook**, **Derby** like **proven** has **quiet** in field of **older** horses, **crushed** **hats** best in 100th running of 512,234 **Phoenix** Handicap, nation's oldest stakes race, at **Kremwood**. **Strophilus** **mare**, jumped and **challenged** over **break** and **crushed** **strophilus**'s **biggest** **underling**. **Winners**, **Derby** **Derby** in **Midland** **Yale** **Horse** **Cups**, **Underling** **Hymn** to **Black** **Horse** at **Tryst**, **N.C.** **Dell** **Sam** in **My Lady's** **Mare** **Derby** at **Janina**, 344.

BASEBALL

Major leagues wound up spring training activities and headed into more serious business of pregame races with **Las Vegas** has **counted** **New York Yankees** 2 to 1 to repeat in **American League** and **Milwaukee** and **Brooklyn** 6 to 1 favorites in **National League**.

BOXING

Ralph Hagen, **light-weight** **champion**, **crushed** out of **lightweight** **champion** **Frankie**, **upright** **hats**, **gained** **left** **eye** in **clash** **out** of **Wellspring** **Yale** **Marine**, **body** **after** **struggle** in **Lake** **Shannon** **arena** before 50,000 **fans** in **Las Vegas** and 421,000 in **live** **on** **TV** **live** at **New Orleans**.

Wright **Short** **Pell**, **cliver** **35-year-old** **New York** **barber** **ing**, **outpointed** **Jack** **4-0**

Pell to **become** **only** **repeat** in **AAU** **championship** at **Boston**. **Other winners**: **Helen** **Margaret** of **San Francisco**, 178 pounds; **Rubin** **Pauro** of **New York**, 125 pounds; **Gene** **Gordon** of **Detroit**, 120 pounds; **Robert** **Shannon** of **New York**, 120 pounds; **Don** **Shannon** of **Los Angeles**, 117 pounds; **Dennis** **Mayer** of **Portland, Ore.**, 115 pounds; **Alvin** **Map** of **Youngstown, Ohio**, 145 pounds; **Lindy** **Land** **winner** of **Tennessee, N.C.**, 175 pounds; **Lee** **Williams** of **Boston**, **heavyweight**.

GOLF

Sam Snead, **four-time** **Canadian PGA** **champion** but **never** **winner** in **three** **years** on **U.S.** **circuit**, **finished** **four** **successive** **holes** on **last** **round**, **finished** **with** **59** to **start** **three** **rounds** 156-179 and **grossed** **1400** **dollars** and 52,000 in **Grandstand**, **N.C.**, **Golf**.

HOCKEY

Montreal, out to **win** **Stanley** **Cup** **final** in **four** **straight** after **outscoring** **Boston** 1-0, 4-2 for 1-0 final, **can** **smash** **club** into **out** **Stanley** **Marked** and **Gordon** **Don** **Samson**, who **lifted** **Braves** to 2-0 victory at **Boston**, **ending** **series** into **19th** **game** on **page** 15.

SOCCER

St. Louis **Katols**, who **beat** **New York** **Hawks** 4-0 two weeks earlier, **contributed** and **continued** to 1-1 in **New York** to **win** **tournament** **total** **series** and **National** **Challenge** **Cup**. **Next** **goal** **National** **Amateur** **Cup**, which **Katols** **won** **last** **year**.

HANDBALL

Jimmy Jacobs, **single** **35-year-old** **from** **Los Angeles**, **closed** 11-3 in **final** **game**, **made** **use** of **greater** **speed** and **strength** to **outshine** **Handball** **champion** **Tom** **Henderson**, 10-21, 21-15.

on record

FOCUS ON THE DEED



SIPPING EXECUTIVE Arthur Vining Davis, chairman of **United** **Airline**, gets **in** **from** **Mrs. John** **Gabrecht** **before** **presenting** **cup** **bearing** **his** **name** to **winning** **pole** **team** at **Irving** **Kasson**.



ANGELING GOVERNOR Robert B. Meyer, **provisional** **support** **from** **Mrs. Meyer**, as he **participates** **with** **for** **ribble** at **Sutton** **Polls**, **near** **Harbortown**, on **opening** **trip** **of** **New** **Jersey** **travel** **team**.

British racing nurses its traditions while facing an economic crisis. Most practical solution may be an

S O S TO BOOKIES

MY FIRST VIEW of English racing came, appropriately enough, on the opening day of the flat racing season. This took place at Lincoln, where the stand is so old it makes even Jamar's look like the new dream track. But then Britflifers, long accustomed to inadequate facilities at their courses, don't bother to complain much. As one trainer put it, "If the poor beggars don't know what they're missing, they'll never miss it." The old brick stand at Lincoln was reportedly built during the Napoleonic Wars to house French prisoners, and evidently only a few improvements have been thought necessary since that date.

Everybody stands at an English track—but even that rarely helps to provide a full view of a race. The New Yorker, weary of straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the far reaches of the Widener Chute, would find himself yearning for Belmont. At Lincoln most of the races are run down a mile straightaway directly toward the stands. The universal voice of the armchair given you the "call" of the race, but even he cannot dare to be too specific. Example: "Among the early leaders by the far rails I believe I see, . . ."

The Englishman for the gambler is knowledgeable about racing matters and as is his wife. You would never hear a Britflifer exclaim, "I think I'll bet on No. 7 because his jockey has such a cute face." Last minute bets are made with the on-course bookmakers who are lined up—each in his appointed and personal "pitch"—facing the crowd and assisted by his clerk and his runner. The odds change as a result of much frantic signaling by gents known as tie-tac men. The tie-tac man is as much a part of English racing as the well-turned-out jockeys and the smartly dressed aristocracy. In appearance he is a white-gloved, excitable character who spends his afternoons manipulating his arms in a weird mixture of Indian signs and symbols. You soon note he is contacting another

tie-tac man high in the stands by a telephone. The man on the phone is in contact with London, receiving orders to lay off money at the track bet by off-course gamblers through big London bookmaking agencies. The telephone is in operation continually relaying betting information to the on-course bookies. In addition to betting through bookmakers, however, the English racegoer can bet through the tote and also through a tote credit company at regular pari-mutuel odds.

EVERYBODY BETS

Legalized bookmaking, of course, has made it possible for everyone—from royalty right on down to the hotel porter and barmaid—to wager a shilling or two on the day's card. The result is that there exists an intense demand for past performance information, and virtually every British newspaper gives racing top billing and employs anywhere from two to six expert handicappers and selectors. The tremendous interest in gambling—betting winnings are free of tax—has created a situation which has quite reversed the role of racing writers. "Instead of being real reporters," says Clive Gifford who writes under the name of The Scout in the *Daily Express*, "we are really handcrappers. Our readers don't care any more about what happened yesterday. They only want to know about today."

All this interest in racing ought to generate prosperity in the sport bet, in fact, it is in a very critical position today. Although racing costs in England are about one-third what they are in America, purse distribution is only about one-tenth. In England there are about 5,000 horses in training for the flat season in which they will compete in 2,000 races (in the U.S. some 25,000 horses compete in around 20,000 races). Opportunities for financial gain are thus perilously limited. In fact there are only nine or 10 races on the entire British calendar worth \$30,000 or more



DERBY-HATTED bookmaker takes orders at odds regulated by phone from London.

to the winner. Winning purses at Lincoln averaged \$186.40. By the time the winning owner had paid off his trainer, jockey, bonuses and shipping charges, he was lucky to have cleared \$112 for himself. And to win that \$112 he usually had to beat 18 other horses! The only way he can increase his earnings is by winning for his bookmaker and eventually perhaps by putting his horses on the market. What there again no moderate horse is in demand for export to America, and world conditions have just about shut off the once profitable market to South America, South Africa and India—leaving today Malaya, Germany, Scandinavia, Ceylon, Japan and Hong Kong as the only localities where the average English Thoroughbred is in any demand.

The people also complain today that racing needs a quick shot in the arm if it is to survive at all point out that the real trouble is that the man who gets most out of racing—the professional off-course bookmaker who may never get to a track all year—contributes nothing to the sport. The argument is that until the bookmaker is forced to contribute to the sport from which he gains his livelihood, he is getting richer and the horsemen are getting poorer. One workable solution might be for the bookmaker to pay a licensing fee to the government and then contribute funds

continued



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HORSE RACING

continued

to the Jockey Club (which controls all British racing) on a sliding scale in proportion to the volume of business each bookmaking firm handles.

A bookmaker's reply to this suggestion comes from Alfred Cope, managing director of David Cope Ltd., who says, "We consider that the less governmental interference there is with the sport the better it will be for all parties in the long run."

DIFFERENT RIDING STYLE

The first look at English jockeys in action suggests they are awkward and clumsy, largely because these seem to be much bobbing about and unnecessary arm swinging. I think, however, that on the whole their boys are better horsemen than ours. Riding with more length seems to give them better control over their horses. English riders have a better and more thorough training in horsemanship before they ever get to their first apprentice race. They ride endlessly on "the gallops" and are strictly disciplined. Trainer Sam Arrastrong, who has visited several American tracks, thinks this disciplining is an important factor.

"The impression I brought home from America," he says, "is that your boys can—if they are reasonably good—make too much money too quickly. Often they become unmanageable."

One of the most impressive sights at Newmarket is the ceremony known as Evening Stables at the headquarters of Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who, in addition to training for the Queen, has taken on a few horses for such Americans as Harry Guggenheims, Robert Kleberg, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. John Hanes and Mrs. J. Deaver Alexander among others. Evening Stables is a traditional ritual in which the trainer winds up his day with a formal inspection of his horses. As Captain Boyd-Rochfort walked down the line of boxes the ritual got under way. To begin with the entire stable area had been swept clean. Every box was shut and as each was opened by Assistant Trainer Bruce Hobbs (who rode Bluetrip to victory in the 1935 Grand National), Captain Boyd-Rochfort stepped in with the air of a colonel on barracks inspection. Each horse was held alertly by his lad who stood, almost at attention, literally bawling with pride and hoping that Captain Boyd-Rochfort might say to his visitors something complimentary about

the horse. In each box the trainer picks up a handful of grass which is lined up carefully alongside an assortment of rubbing brushes and combs and feeds it to the horse. The same procedure is followed every evening for each of the 54 horses in training.

British racing is very sensitive about its tradition and prestige, and the latter has been slightly tarnished by virtue of the fact that the French have made something of a habit recently of making off with most of the super-English classics. What it boils down to, essentially, is that the shaky economics of English racing today make it fairly obvious that horsemen must pick up what purses they can—and where they can—and just hope that they are developing a good horse in the process. There is more money to be earned at the shorter distances today and therefore a natural concentration, for example, in winning the big 2-year-old stakes—none of which are run over a mile. So what has happened is that the English are developing good 2-year-olds, but few of them have been able successfully to stretch out over the longer distances required for good 3-year-olds. The French, on the other hand, have few major 2-year-old objectives and can point for the big and longer English 3-year-old stakes. Their entire breeding program is now geared to concentrate on classical distances (a mile and a half and upward).

The economic setup has resulted in the sale to America of many a fine stallion. Among the horses who undoubtedly would have done marvels for the improvement of the British Thoroughbred but who instead were sold to America during recent years are: Nasrullah, Khalid, Heliopolis, Mahmoud, Alibhai, Blenheim, Tulwar, My Babu, Solar Shippi, Arctic Prince and Royal Charger.

Among the stallions I saw at Lord Derby's Woodland Stud at Newmarket are Never Say Die, Hyperion and the great Italian champion Ribot. And even now there are not a few Englishmen who would bet that Ribot—maybe one of the great horses of all time—won't be on American soil within another three years. For when you have the money available to U.S. breeding syndicates you can buy almost anything you want.

But through all these various crises, and seemingly hard times British racing will carry on. It is conducted by and for people who have grown up in the racing tradition. This is the spiritual home of what is possibly the world's greatest spectator sport.

CLARE

TENNIS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Yesterday's champions again de-mothed their gear to test Pancho Gonzales in an event which now resembles

A CLASS REUNION



FORMER GILLY PARKER BODIES



BUDGET GOODEN'S SPRINGS



RIGGS CONCENTRATES ON GOLF



TALBERT HADERS BORN NOTES

ROOSEVELT LOBES TO PARKER



ABOUT THE TIME in early spring when jonquils are poking their yellow heads above ground, "old" professional tennis players may be found rummaging through the attic for racket-strung other-stuffs equipment. Their objective is Jack March's annual "class reunion" at the Cleveland Arena, sponsored by a local beer called P.O.C. but officially known as the World Pro Tennis Championships.

The event has developed into something more than just a tournament. It is a gathering of the clan. Here the patchy, balding men who once drew the applause of Wimbledon, Forest Hills and Kookyong return to try their creaking joints against the match-toughened stars of the pro tour. In an early round of the tournament, which ended last Friday night, Pancho Gonzales, the undisputed king of the pros, played Frank Parker, the thin, bespectacled athlete who was national champion in 1944 and 1945. Parker wore the same white shorts with the blue stripe down the side which are well remembered by the fans at Forest Hills. He had the same handkerchief sewn at his belt to wipe his spectacles. He hit the ball beautifully, same brilliant underpin backhand, erratic forehand and masterful court generalship.

"He looks as good as he did 12 years ago," commented red-haired Ben Ridge, who—at the age of 42—played in doubles only. But Parker, now a box salesman in Chicago, was no match for Gonzales' unswerving power, and he went down 6-2, 6-3.

In the other quarter of the draw, Sporting Goods Salesman Frank Kovacs, the eccentric court clown who still has the finest collection of strokes in tennis but has never cashed in on this potential, ran into a refreshed and surprisingly in-touch Tony Trabert, now a Los Angeles bank-note salesman. Trabert won in straight sets 6-3, 3-7.

In the lower half, Bobby Riggs, with the same familiar swiftness which marked his U.S. triumphs in 1938 and 1941 and his Wimbledon victory in 1959, met

Ken Rosewall, the forging pro from Australia. Riggs is still the racy court tactician who dishes up an assortment of "sneaky balls," but age has slowed his step and dulled his reflexes. Rosewall was too good, 6-2, 4-2.

Thus, not surprisingly, the semifinals presented three members of Jack Kramer's tour and a fourth player who has just left it. It was Gonzales against Trabert and the apparently apologetic Segura against Rosewall.

Gonzales beat Trabert but came within one shot of defeat in the best match of the tournament. After winning the first set, and with the score at five-all in the second, Tony had the advantage on Gonzales' service. This was the big point for the match. Pancho's first service was out. He spun his second, high-kicking to Tony's backhand. Tony gambled by hitting for a winner, but he outed the ball and the opportunity was lost. Gonzales went on to win 3-6, 11-9, 8-6.

Segura, the only player in the tournament who seemed adversely affected by age, cut down the fiery Rosewall 6-2, 6-3. The frail Australian obviously is beginning to feel the strain of the one-night stands, and his game is showing the effects.

In the best three-of-five-sets final between the two Panchos, Gonzales raked the court with racket blasts which sometimes turned the racket in Little Pancho's hand. Big Pancho lost his service only once—in the second set—and proved himself again the world's best tennis player, 7-5, 3-6, 7-5, 6-1.

After the bags had carried up \$10,000 in prize money they went their separate ways—the touring pros back to their one-night stands, Parker to his home, Kovacs to his Florida sporting goods job, Trabert to his financial printing, Riggs to his golf and Budgie to the precision springs he sells. Once the biggest names in tennis, the sport will have no solid competitive place for them until—when and if—there are open tournaments.

ENR

DIXIE

It was the Yanks who came out like bush-league sailors in the Southern Circuit finals



MENDING SAIL that ripped aboard *Thunderdog* on first day out, Hank Hinkel (front) of Tampa, Fla., puzzles over sewing machine as Lee Hogg, Saratoga, N.Y., reads directions from pocket manual, and Carlisle Wilson shows where new seam should go.

THE Southern Ocean Racing Circuit opened with a chorus of angry shouts last winter when the leading southern contenders learned that certain northern yachtsmen were calling them bush leagueers (SI, Feb. 4). To a man, the Southerners denied the charge and then, in a season marked by different winds and different winners for every race, went out to prove once and for all that they were strictly big-league sailors.

In the season opener, the February 2 Lipton Cup, the fleet went off into an estimated 10 to 12 knots breeze. At the finish of the 31-mile triangular race there was not a northern boat in contention. Fred Guggenheimer's 67-foot cutter *Aloha*, flying the pennant of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, came across an easy winner. Second was Jack Price's *Comanche*, out of Miami. Third: Carleton Mitchell's defending SORC champion *Finisterre*, from the Nassau Yacht Club.

The results of the February 3-6 Miami-Nassau race were almost as conclusive. *Finisterre* won it, driving hard through choppy seas kicked up in the Gulf Stream by a 20-knot wind. Second was *Windolfer* out of Corpus Christi; third, *Criollo*, skippered by Luis Vidales of Havana. Three days later in the Nassau Cup it was *Comanche*, *Finisterre* and *Mops* one-two-three.

If the Northerners were to retrieve anything at all from the season, it had to be in the St. Petersburg-Havana race. For a change, they did not have *Finisterre* to contend with, since Mitchell had quit for the year after the Nassau Cup, leading on total points but worn out from three seasons of hard racing. Besides, the northern fleet had a strong added entry in John Berta's *Thunderdog*, whose busy crew scrambled through three days of hoisting and mending ~~sails~~ *sails* (see photo at left), but finished, as did everyone else, well behind *Criollo*.



UP THE MAST as *Thunderdog*'s main spreader, Coerman Vernon Lockhart scans horizon for glimpses of rival boats.



BOOSTING SPINNAKER POLE on a downwind run, Johnny Berta, Toledo, gets lift from John Berta, owner of *Thunderdog*.

by EZRA BOWEN

REVENGE

The season's wind-up, a 60-mile run from Havana to Yaguajay, seemed no more than a formality, since Vidalia's victory in the St. Petersburg race gave him the season's championship unless he sank on the way to Yaguajay. He didn't. The race was won by another southern boat, namely, the *Winged* from Clearwater, Fla., and *Crooks* scraped through with a 12th-place finish that was good enough for the season's championships.

With that final defeat, the Yankee boats headed North to lick their wounds, while the southernippers headed home to gloat over the total rout of the invaders. "Obviously," said Miami's *Wanda Pine*, "whenever made that long-legged statement did not race down here—or if he did he's quiet now."

E. B. B.

FINAL STANDINGS

BOAT	OWNER	POINTS
<i>Cyclone</i>	Lucas Vidalia	211.5
<i>Comanche</i>	Jack Miller	210.0
<i>Windsor</i>	Ed Hunter	210.0
<i>Solution</i>	Thos. Hornsby	209.5
<i>Hansa</i>	Blanch Swartz-Walker	202.1
<i>Charger</i>	Harvey Bishop	192.5
<i>Slings</i>	F. Sargent Smith	192.0
<i>Malabar III</i>	Sam Schwartz	190.0
<i>Cerber</i>	Marion Graham	179.0
<i>Moxy Maiden</i>	William McHenry	166.0
<i>Flamingo</i>	Joe T. Williams	160.0
<i>Ch'Vee</i>	J. W. Henson	155.0
<i>Pipe Dream</i>	John L. Taylor	151.2
<i>Roundeye</i>	Carleton McLeod	128
<i>Hoarse</i>	Charles Morgan	122
<i>Clanger</i>	Henry Wray Jr.	119.0
<i>Whisperer</i>	K. R. Bradford	102.2
<i>Stormy Seas</i>	Oliver Bond Jr.	100.0
<i>Reveries</i>	Harvey Crockett	95.5
<i>Tanana</i>	M. R. Hughes	90
<i>Providence</i>	Paul Roberts	87.0
<i>Firecracker</i>	F. B. Hammond	75.5
<i>Great Hope</i>	Samuel Smith	70.0
<i>Golf Stream</i>	M. Hunsinger	71.5
<i>Eggs</i>	F. P. Field	62.0
<i>Windsor</i>	John Hayward	62
<i>Excess</i>	Reuben Williams	42.0
<i>Yucca</i>	John Harris Jr.	38
<i>Spiny</i>	Doc Wray	34.0
<i>Yan</i>	G. C. Smith Jr.	33.5
<i>Yan</i>	George Pearson Jr.	33.0
<i>Water Snake</i>	John Robinson	19.0
<i>Hot Man</i>	P. F. Bell	17.7
<i>Boo</i>	W. W. Jennings	20.0
<i>Joe</i>	Carl Roth	21.0
<i>Martini III</i>	Lee McMillen	21
<i>My Darling</i>	Jack Pyle	20
<i>Reveries</i>	Kenneth Ship Co.	27.0
<i>Van Buren</i>		
<i>Cavender</i>	Thelma	100
	Johnston	

*Not in competition with American.



She Helped a Burglar make his Getaway

WAKING ONE MIDNIGHT, she surprised a burglar in her room. As he lunged for the window, she stopped him. "You'll be hurt, too down in the stairs and let yourself out."

Calm, kind, and so early intelligent, she had long ago learned to stay human in emergencies. The living who in emergencies were humane, in the heart of one of Chicago's poorest immigrant neighborhoods.

Here she had settled down to her life work—helping people. No sociologist or social worker, she left it for others to make this a science. To her, it was an art. In art she gathered so beautifully that, eventually, while she was based around Halsted Street, she was admired around the world.

When, in 1935, Jane Adams of Hull House died, her little granddaughters, seeing hundreds of children among the mourners, asked, "Are we all Aunt Jane's children?"

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As the pigskin enjoyed its annual spring frolic with its omens of fall fortunes, Notre Dame showed it is

STILL A YEAR AWAY

IN THE FOREMOST temple of American football, there is an event known as the Varsity-Oldtimers game, and it occurs, strangely enough, just before Easter. It was designed by that sage of Notre Dame, Knute Rockne, for the sole purpose of providing his players with a climax as well as a welcome break from the monotony of four weeks of violent spring drills. This year, as usual, the varsity thumped an assortment of former Notre Dame players bolstered with sophomores 49-14, and the whole thing proved, if anything, that the Fighting Irish are very likely on the way back, but still a year or so shy of their customary greatness.

Sitting among the light sprinkling of sportswriters inhabiting the big, drafty Notre Dame press box for this game was a big, thick-necked man with a face that might have been carved from granite with a blunt chisel. He sat quietly, staring thoughtfully at the field, his eyes following a Notre Dame varsity tackle with a big white 70 on the back of his green jersey.

"I wish he could move faster," the big man grunted. "If he had run like I wanted him to when he was a kid, probably he could move faster now." On the field, No. 70, hanging straight ahead in a strong, thick-legged charge, moved the tackle opposite him out of the way. Aubrey Lewis, a thrillingly fast runner with the skittery, evasive tactics of a water bug, whisked through the wide hole for a long gain.

Even so, the big man was not entirely satisfied, for he was Bronko Nagurski, one of football's immortals—first as a tackle at the University of Minnesota, later as a tackle and fullback with the Chicago Bears—and No. 70 was his son, Bronko Jr., now a pudgy 16-year-old. Bronko Sr. hunched his shoulders against the cold and glared down at his son. "Sometimes he doesn't get his head outside his man when he's trying to move him in," he said. "He goes straight ahead into him and that way sometimes the guy can slip off and get away. Maybe that's the way

they are teaching them to do it now."

Bronko Jr., on defense now, tossed a blocker aside and closed in on a ball carrier driving up the middle, hitting him with solid force. The father's face lit up. "Man, I feel great when he's going good," he said happily.

On the field, young Bronko Nagurski ran hard to the sidelines as Notre Dame Coach Terry Brennan sat in the second unit. His father sat back, but his eyes moved now and again to the broad back of his son, huddled against the cold on the Notre Dame bench. The old Bronko, who looks as if he might play a pretty good game even now, was happy. Little Bronko had done well.

The young Nagurski is one of the reasons Notre Dame's subway alumni can look to the future with hope. "I think we'll be better than we were last season," Brennan said after the old-timers game. "We were hurt an awful lot by injuries last year and we had to replace sophomores with sophomores. The breakage's not go against you in injuries every season, are they?"

Elsewhere across the face of the land, other coaches struggled with other problems and found spring solutions that may or may not survive the arid

tests of autumn. Remembering always that spring practice costs only a dim light on the probability of the coming season, here are some of the items from before and after that attracted attention before the thousands of hopeful young men packed away their mail-bags for another five months.

Woody Hayes, the coach whose favorite football adage has always been that "a yard on the ground is worth two in the air," says he will have to revise this philosophy to fit one of the lightest, greenest years of his 7-year stint at Ohio State. Hayes, appearing for his first spring session simply clad in a T-shirt and conventional sweater garments while his assistants were bundled against the snarling 16° weather, unveiled a novel device designed to develop extra power in his halfbacks. It is known as a "Backing Slingshot," and it promptly deposited a series of hanks flat on their posterior, tossing some of them roughly as far as a pylon can throw an unprotected rookie snailback. Thus, with a light hail of frustrated backs, began the air age at Ohio State.

In the Southwest a pair of new coaches—Bill Meek of SMU, transplanted from the University of Houston, and Darrell Royal of Texas, newly arrived from Washington—took over in an atmosphere of no-nonsense, devil-take-the-hindmost practice sessions. Meek, whose manner belies his name, shuffled the SMU lineup vigorously, worked the team into a lather and impressed the alumni tremendously. Royal, a recent graduate of the Bud Wilkinson-Oklahoma Institute of Applied Football Knowledge, discovered a halfback—Walter Forden—who is



HUMAN SLINGSHOT, designed by a Minneapolis manufacturer, is one of the newest devices for improving the shape of fall fortunes. Backless. One, four, five, six, 7 weeks.

"quick as a hiccup," promptly made him a T quarterback and observed sadly, "You don't take over a team that lost nine games and inherit a warm bed." Royal's split-T strategy ("four yards and a cloud of dust") brings to an end the era of ruck-and-dabble football that has been the Texas trademark for a generation. "The ends used to come out loosening up their hands," said Royal. "Now they grab a blocking dummy."

In sharp contrast to the plodding style of the split-T teams is the wild-and-woolly, hell-for-leather offense now Coach Ed Doherty introduced to a bewildered but happy crowd at the University of Arizona spring game on March 31. It prompted Missouri Scout Jim McKenzie to whack the ledge in front of him and howl. "I have never seen anything like it!" What McKenzie had never seen was a maneuver in which the quarterback handed the ball to a halfback, then, a couple of hand-offs and a lateral or two later, wound up with the ball in his possession again, ready to pass or run while the defense watched in awed confusion. Doherty once said that he is teaching football now the way it will be played in 25 years: the Missouri scout, for one, agrees with him. Actually, the Arizona offense appears to be a series of variations on the slot-T offense used by many pro clubs, but that may be an understatement. Doherty's innovations usually take advantage of the tendency of a defense to move with the flow of the play; at Arizona, the flow is interrupted by a quick dip to a back moving in the other direction.

Out on the Pacific Coast, USC is trying a new coach (former assistant Don Clark), UCLA is sticking with Red Sanders and the Pacific Coast Conference is sticking with the rule which costs most of next year's most talented seniors at each of these colleges their final year of eligibility. Meanwhile, Oregon State, fresh from a PCC championship and a Rose Bowl game, is enjoying the perquisites of football distinction. A Portland bartender, commenting on the fact that the Los Angeles area had some 11 outstanding high school football players last fall, explained the new balance of strength this way: "UCLA got one, USC got one and Oregon State got the other nine." This may be a bit of a hyperbole, but Oregon State did pick a prize plum in Ron Miller, an All-City halfback in Los Angeles and one of the most sought-after players. (OF 800)



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They came from everywhere—deffers and experts—
but it was a paper man and a cattle man who emerged

16 UNDER IN AIKEN

It would take a long time to find a more suitable setting for the leisurely game of golf than Aiken, S.C. The town wears a cloak of sleepy southern indolence that the Northerner instinctively (and unjustifiably in these booming days) always associates with this area of palms and magnolias.

Golf, to be sure, is not Aiken's first sport, and, although the scene at the Palmetto Golf Club is one of the country's oldest and most challenging, the annual invitational four-ball tournament played there several weeks ago for the Devereux Milburn Memorial Trophy is a Johnny-come-lately on the local sporting scene. In fact, this year's was only the fourth. By way of contrast the descendants of the rich Yankees who turned the town into a fashionable winter resort long before anyone thought of Palm Beach or Palm Springs were celebrating their 75th year of polo on the very day the golfers were heading around the pine-lined, azalea-scented 6,728-yard Palmetto layout on their final practice rounds.

The two hosts at the Aiken Invitational were—appropriately—a couple of Yankees who vacation there each winter. Hugo Rutherford, who issued the invitations, is a Colorado cattle farmer transplanted from New York. Bobby Knowles, who assigned the handicaps, is one of the leading amateurs in Massachusetts, the 1951 French Amateur Champion and a former member of the Walker Cup team. Their conception of the tournament, according to Knowles, is "to get a congenial bunch together for two days of golf. They don't have to be good golfers, but they have to like to play, and we want them to be fun off the course as well as on."

This year's gathering was a most heterogeneous convergence of pale-faced lawyers and brokers from New York and Boston, bronzed-skinned winter residents from the spas of Florida, a Mr. Harry L. Crosby who specializes in stinging and ranshing in the Far West,

his friend Phil Harris who also sings and acts, an oil lawyer from Dallas, a sugar planter from Louisiana. There were such familiar names from the financial, social and industrial centers as Schiff, Scheffel, Grace, Sheelin and Milburn Jr., as well as a few distinguished golfers such as Dick Chapman, former National Amateur champion, and Tansy Taylor, twice Metropolitan Amateur champion. In all, 92 players

Still, the gaudily striped umbrellas of each wet-and-chilled foursome lent some contrast to this darkling day. It was the sort of weather that distinguishes the golfer of substance from the lucky hacker, and those who survived the first two stormy hours without serious misfortune had proved their worth. Among them were Bing Crosby (5) and Vin Draddy (6), the sort of middle-handicap twosome that shows to advantage in best-ball medal play with handicaps. But even their 5-under-par 46, the first part played entirely in the storm, had to yield to a remarkable 63 by Bussie Scheffel (7) and John Schiff (18) and a pair of 64s by two other twosomes.

The second round, played in the gleamantest of southern sunshine with only gentle breezes, brought two extraordinary rounds of 62. One was by Dick Chapman (1) and his 15-year-old son Dixie (16) who hits the ball with nearly the same assurance as his father. Sinking two extraordinary chip shots,



PRIZE-WINNER CROSBY AND HOST KNOWLES SMILE THROUGH RAIN OVER SUB-PAR ROUNDS

out of the 280 bids answered the call to remote Aiken, putting 46 twosomes in contention for such modest prizes as silver cigaret cases, leather altarcases and portable transistor radios.

There could not have been two more contrasting days for golf than the Monday and Tuesday of this tournament. One of the winner's farewell storms struck the early foursomes on Monday morning, and while the drab clothes and pale faces of the Northerners looked quite in setting with the drenching gale, it was a pity to see the racy tops of the Floridian visitors dimmed by plastic weatherproofing.

The last storm some 40 feet out on the 18th, young Dixie was almost the hero of the day. He would have been were it not for Gusty Paine (11), playing with Host Rutherford (6). Paine, a young paper manufacturer from New York, suddenly ran into one of those hot streaks that all golfers dream of. Both days he was in the 70s, leading his team to a closing round of 62 (and 16 under par in 36 holes) for the cup and the cigaret cases. The Chapmans were second, Crosby and Draddy fourth.

Aiken was a tournament to be remembered only by those who were there, and as summer comes there will be a thousand like it: nothing for the records but the greatest of fun for those who appreciate the test of competitive golf in their own league. (CWB)

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HOPE OF ST. LOUIS

continued from page 29

organized and led his Mississippi Mudcat hotel. *see box, page 24* and generally had a hell of a time. Moon dresses conservatively, talks in a quiet, well-modulated voice, holds a master's degree in education, once taught school in Arkansas, is a member of the board of directors of a Texas insurance company, talks of someday establishing a speech-therapy clinic for children with speech handicaps, works industriously in a public relations job during the off season, carefully appraises investment possibilities.

On the field, too, he differs. His uniform is generally clean and his face shaven. Though he means a little at umpires, he doesn't blaze in anger. On the base paths he depends on speed, timing and deft sliding rather than on a violent, explosive approach.

He does, however, bear a strong resemblance to the near-legendary Flyper in three very important ways. He has: 1) an overwhelming confidence in his own ability; 2) an absolute determination to accomplish what he sets out to do; and 3) a definite flair for the dramatic.

These are the qualities Moon possesses that can catalyze the Cardinals into the championship this year. The team has very real defects (even as Moon has defects as a player), but its

virtues, especially those that are not yet fully realized, are exciting for the Cardinal fan to contemplate.

Fred Hutchinson knows this, but Hutch is not given to running off at the mouth. He looks at a reporter, a little mocking smile just touching the corners of his mouth, and he answers his question: "Yeah, we could win the pennant. All we need is a couple of 20-game winners and three or four .400 hitters."

This is fairly routine baseball humor, and Hutch is too smart a man, too rational, too logical to assume that it will happen.

But it *could* happen, and quite easily, and he knows it. Hutchinson has an elite group of hitters. Stan Musial has never batted below .380, and Ken Boyer, Del Ennis, Alvin Dark and Moon have all batted above it at one time or another. Any one of the five could go over Hutchinson's desired standard without creating the slightest stir. Why couldn't all five, if they were fired up by the pursuit of the pennant?

Why couldn't Musial hit .380 again, and Ennis drive in over 100 runs? Why couldn't the marvelously gifted Boyer lose his self-conscious fear of failure and play all-out all the time instead of just now and then, and attain the maturity that his boyhood rival,



KEY VETERAN Al Dark, one of shrewdest players in baseball, watches game intently from bench. Now 34, Dark is beginning to show years, may speed more time on defense.

Mickey Mantle, achieved last year? It could happen.

Twenty-game winners are harder to come by. Murry Dickson did it once, but Murry is 40 now and his quota of victories is 15, or less. But Herman Weinzier, after a decade of hovering around 10 victories annually, has at 50 discovered poise and confidence. If he continues to pitch as brilliantly as he did the last half of last season, he could go up to 50 this year without any trouble at all.

The other important pitchers, Vinny Bend Mizell and Sam Jones, are enigmas: they throw with frightening speed and have startling curve balls but they possess only a spasmodic notion of how to control their pitches. Jones led the league last year in both strikeouts and walks; Mizell was close fourth in strikeouts and third in walks. They are Wild Men; but batters respect them. Why couldn't either or both surge to 20 victories?

A realist like Hutchinson cannot rely on "couls." But a Gasbousier like Moon or Alvin Dark can and does. Dark, who even in the twilight years of his career, has the competitive hunger of youth, saw "couls" explode into realities twice (in 1951 and 1954) when he was with the New York Giants. Moon looks you in the eye and says with a sincerity approaching fervor: "I know this club can win the pennant. I know it can. I know it as sure as I'm sitting here. All we have to do is realize the fact that we're good enough."

For Moon such realization is easy, because no player ever believed more fully in himself. No player had more need to, either, when you consider the barriers Moon had to hurdle to achieve success in the major leagues.

He had battled .387 with Rochester in 1953, and he had expected to be given a trial with the parent Cardinals the next spring. During the off season he played winter ball in Venezuela. Just before spring training he was advised by the Cardinals to report to the St. Louis camp at St. Petersburg, Fla. But the Venezuelan club authorities had wired the Cardinals and asked if Moon could remain with the Venezuelan team for the Caribbean World Series. The Cardinals said sure. When the Caribbean Series was over, Moon asked the Cardinals for instructions. Dick Meyer, then general manager, told him to report either to St. Petersburg or to the club's minor league base at Daytona Beach, whichever worked out best with the transportation facilities he had available.

Moon talked it over with his wife,



GOLED like question mark, strike pitcher Mizell symbolizes his doubtful status.

Bettye, who, with their infant son, had spent the winter with him in Venezuela. The question of transportation facilities didn't enter the discussion. The major league camp was in St. Petersburg, the minor league camp in Daytona. The Moons went to St. Petersburg, lugging diapers, a crib and baby bottles with them.

In St. Petersburg Moon checked in at the Hotel Bainbridge, the Cardinal headquarters, and reported to Eddie Stanky, then manager of the St. Louis team. Stanky was angry.

"You were supposed to report to Daytona," he said. "You weren't supposed to report here."

Moon explained the choice he had been given. Then he argued: "They've seen me play. They know what I can do. I want you to see me."

Stanky growled a little, but finally Moon was given to understand that he could hang around for a couple of days until the situation was straightened out and he could be shipped on to the minor league base. He could work out with the Cardinals.

"I'd been playing all winter, of course," Moon recalled this spring, "and I was in good playing shape. I got a hit the first time I went to bat, and I kept hitting the ball pretty good."

Stanky decided to keep him around, even though Moon was still on the

continued

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HOPE OF ST. LOUIS

continued

Exhausted today. Given the chance to show what he could do, Moon, drove himself unmercifully.

"I gobbled on everything. If I hit a single I'd go for two. If I had two I'd go for three. I tried to catch everything I had the slightest chance for in the outfield. I ran every place. Boy, was I tired that spring. I'd get home after practice and I'd fall asleep on the couch. Betty would make me up for supper and I'd eat, and then I'd fall asleep again. That's the way it went all spring."

Stanley said little to Moon but he continued to play him. He used him frequently in right field, which was strange, because the Cardinals had a good right fielder. His name was Ken Slaughter, he'd held the job since 1948, and he was still going strong. The year before he'd played his usual full season at top speed, had batted .251 and had driven in 89 runs.

Slaughter was conscious of the situation. He leaned at Moon's locker one day and said, "Don't worry. You're not gonna get my job."

Moon played a good deal in Florida, but after the Cardinals broke camp and started north Stanley apparently forgot about him. Moon played an inning or two in Memphis, which is only 40 miles from his home town, Bay, Arkansas, and he served as a pinch runner in Houston, nearest port of call to Yonkers A&M, where Moon had gone to college.

But that was all he played until the Sunday before Opening Day, when the Cardinals played their last pre-season exhibition game in Busch Stadium in St. Louis. Moon started in right. Halfway through the game the Cardinal management made a stunning announcement: Ken Slaughter had been traded. He had been sent to the New York Yankees for three unknown minor league players.

There was an immediate and furious protest from Cardinal fans who had cheered the colorful Slaughter through seven after season after season. The comments they directed at Stanley and the Cardinals' new owner, Gusen Bacon, were last season's denunciations of Frank Lane for trading Red Schoendienst and Bill Vukobratovich to the Yankees.

That day everyone knew Moon would take Slaughter's place, but it wasn't until Monday, the day before Opening Day, that the rumor was called into the front office.



THE MOONS RELAX outside Florida state fairgrounds. Not Wally's kids learning.

"I guess you better sign a contract," he was told casually.

"I guess so," Moon agreed. Three years later, thinking about it, he says: "I would have signed anything after all these weeks." Then he added, grinning: "But you know what I should have done? I should have held out. What a spot I had them in."

But he signed and the next day he played his first major league game, in St. Louis before a crowd that booed the announcement of his name and shouted, "We want Ken."

Moon was the second man in the St. Louis batting order, and his first major league turn at bat came three days after the home built on the first inning against Paul Minner, a left-handed pitcher. The crowd booed him again. Moon responded by hitting a home run into the right field seats.

GREAT DAY FOR QUEER

"That's with an 'e' third in baseball," Moon said recently. "But I don't think I really appreciated it at the time. I was sort of numb the first couple of weeks. All I really remember about the home is coming back to the bench after I hit it and seeing Gusie Busch in his box near the dugout, jumping around and cheering."

Moon, whenever the daring shows by Stanley and Bacon is taking a chance



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weekend with Cardinals. Better: Moon sits in garden chair with son Wally Fox, 5½, while

Wally grows up nation of managers' sons. 1½, who tries his best to put on irreproachable

on an unproven rookie, and the gratification he takes in his own success that season (he batted .394 and was named National League Rookie of the Year) seems to be based more than a little on the fact that their confidence in his ability was justified.

Stanky had several serious faults as a manager, which Moon will admit, but Wally remembers him with a warm respect for something else during that first season. In a late inning of a close game that year Moon, on third base, suddenly tried to steal home. The play was close, but Moon was out. Afterward the sportswriters asked Stanky his opinion of the play.

"I sent him in," Stanky said. "If it was a bad play I'm to blame."

But the steal had been completely Moon's idea. Stanky had had nothing to do with it. Moon had been studying the length of time the pitcher took in his wind-up, and he suddenly realized that he'd be able to beat the pitch to the plate. "I didn't think twice about it. I knew I could make it. I stumbled just as I started, and even so it was pretty close. I still think maybe I was safe. But, anyway, it was my own idea."

Stanky, however, refused to put any blame on Moon. A couple of days later he called Wally into his office. "It didn't work," he said, "but don't worry

about it. I'm not going to bowl you out. I'll bowl you out when you're afraid to try something like that."

Moon tells this story almost reverently. "Trying something" is, of course, the trademark of a Gas House ballplayer. They play best when their team is in the thick of a fight, for the game or for the pennant, when every hit is needed and every run is vital, and the responsibility for providing same is theirs. Moon, for example, is at his best under pressure. So, for that matter, is Alvin Dark. Moon and Dark hit better when they have two strikes or when there are two outs and important runs are waiting to be driven in. They think ahead. They plan little things, little surprise moves, little variations in strategy with a teammate, anything, just to upset their opponents a trifle and keep them so the defensive long enough to gain an edge, an advantage, the breaks. They get their teammates to thinking, and trying things, and waiting.

And with Dark, unhappily, slowing down a little as a ballplayer, the responsibility of keeping the Cardinals charged with the Gas House spirit—that confident assumption that they should win, and the fierce determination that they will—rests more and more on the willing shoulders of Wallace W. Moon, M. Ed. C.H.P.



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- **Element** - **CodeTied NylonTrotting** - **CodeCase Liner Colloidal**

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diar: under; D—under dirty or wetly; M—under muddy; N—under at normal depth; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; SWSO—under suspension; in: F4: falling good; FF: falling fast; BP: below good; DVG:—method very good; GSG: method good; OF: method fast; GP: method poor

WATER in the river, 90 April 15 with day birds well, singing as few birds and some song sparrows, also. Many pond water in the pond and some in the pond. Water in the pond, 90 April 15 with day birds well, singing as few birds and some song sparrows, also. Many pond water in the pond and some in the pond.

[illegible]

heights 66–106 m at upper end of Lurley Wash. River, on east of House north-south of all readily entry. Results on heavy vegetation on a single all right side but. Fl. on Shale. Near. Mountain. Pith with large warts. Rhiz. directly below. Stem Pith also involving with some anther. Taking 2 and 3 on leaves on Rhizome. Had eastern facing marsh with concentration in the stretch of 10 m by 10 m of Salween. Uppermost Salween. Northern and eastern watershed.

[illegible]

emerged. But bear lanes, heavily used after chemical treatment to kill rabid and trap fish last fall, now stalling. Other roadside waterways, previously also suffering, including Littleton Reservoir, west and east forks of the Snake River, Tropic Lake-PDA, 5 or 6 miles, euthanized in 2 months.

LOCATION: Columbia River Sag with Upper
Columbia, Shungen Lake and West Island
crack, water going strong, minor run, high
thunderbolt.

MYXINOTA. Flies together with *Myxophora* for rainforest on 23 north-facing slopes where upland forest is largely unlogged and flycatchers with numerous bases of smaller flowers are rare and those loaded with salmon eggs. Best rainbow run was in Knife River near Duherty Stream. Larvae along shore toward Grand Rapids still too-rushed at mouth. Best rate: 250 swimmers by Mike Harkin, Duluth, in Knife on aforementioned runs. 1981.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: PVG for trawlers some five miles northeast of Paradise with many chinook, mostly salmon. Fresh catch of week: 50-pound chinook hoisted by Tim Foushingham! Santa Ana, an artificial lake west of Newport. Marine single bottom-fishing for cod.

smaller children. Some family groups, including along Sunset Beach and in Halesowen Bay, where 20-month-old who couldn't read were heard to sing songs.

SANDLICHED SALMON: SALES: FYC on select lakes and ponds. With consistent effort, sales from Tana Lake, Green Lake, Branch Pond, Yellow Lake and at Dunbar rising big early in year. (most of Fremont). Range up north - then big season starts in Haines, Manzanita, Karl and West Grand Lakes - still early in season.

STRIPED BASS were common. FP experts for inland lakes and water school teams are looking closely. Many experts see the way as very good, but some have late afternoon and data.

collected in 1961, and in 1963, 1964, for 1965. The 1961 and 1963 samples were from March 21 to 24, and the 1964 samples were the landing hauls in 24 trawls in 17 hauls from 25 May to 26 June. The 1964 sample taken in Brown-Mile Shoals by R. O. Clark, Madison.

[illegible]

STEELHEAD: 10-acre. Inhabitant rare steelhead runs approaching peak. Water fairly clear, rapid above trap, slowed to a crawl below, forming turbid channel. Run. 991 on Middle Fork of Salmon from Piping to mouth of Marble Creek, westward of Lathrop. Lower reaches, south fork of Salmon starting in junipers. Run above, large numbers. Both runs, last above, 00.

[illegible]

WALLMOUNT: *crataegus*. Warren mountain, better half producing heaviest run in recent years; nuts numerous. Sales actually outstripping market on page 1. 1946. Gathers, one of Sam Hays, one running about 10000 daily. Paul Semelichmunder, Sam Gathers, a blind angler, hoisted 100000 1/2-cupful of *crataegus* 1-lb-bags to each wheelbarrow in 10 minutes, 100 lbs.

BLACK BASS: *Micropterus* FV41 (a. 500-
1000) of Lake Champlain. Habitat: Lake Champlain.
Largemouths to 9 pounds being taken on deep-
fried bluegills.

recompensate FF with week's best 314-pounder taken from George Mill Lake on Black Duck fly. Big boys are picking and apparently launching in Norway Lake.

Indicates: Front-end-year old Clyde Coombe with Hans Backus in New Orleans City Park. Backus is seated; Coombe stands with an arm around Backus. Both are wearing 240 and sporting gear, 188 plugs, 53 fly-bobbing tackle. Weather: December 1, 1968, 10:00 AM.

CONTROL: Tachikawa's control reports, like Tachikawa's existing test to surface plugs. Fast also belong in most of control, water, and well-planned, giving direct catches to all. 60% due to human error.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1. *Chrysomelidae*: 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555,

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BEGINNING

The
TEX RICKARD
Story

by CHARLES SAMUELS



The author of His Eye Is on the Sparrow, the distinguished life of Ethel Waters, turns now to the extraordinary saga of America's greatest and most colorful sports promoter, George Lewis Rickard, whose achievements during the first Golden Age of Sport placed him among the most celebrated titans of his day

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PART I: THE EARLY YEARS

GOLD IS FOR THE



WHEN TEX RICKARD, the sports promoter, died in Miami on Jan. 6, 1929 the newspapers could not have devoted much more space to his career if he had been President. In itself this was not too puzzling. Every move Rickard had made for years had been front-page news. Before creating the "million-dollar gate" with Jack Dempsey, Tex had been, successively, a cowboy, a town marshal in Texas, a prospector in the Yukon, a gambling-saloon owner in the Klondike and Nevada gold rushes, a fortune hunter in South Africa and a cattle baron in Paraguay. More difficult to explain than the tremendous press coverage of Rickard's death was the widespread emotional reaction of the public. Thousands of men and women who never had known Tex personally mourned him as though he had been their lifelong friend.

This curious phenomenon first became apparent as Rickard's body was being taken to New York. In death as in life, George Lewis Rickard traveled in style. His body—in a \$15,000 solid bronze casket that weighed 2,800 pounds—was shipped north in a private railway car hauled onto the end of the *Honora Special*. Wherever the train stopped, and at whatever hour of the night or early morning, crowds of men and women were at the station to see the private railway car that Tex Rickard was going home in.

The day that train ended its 35-hour journey in New York's Pennsylvania Station, a front-page headline in the *New York Times* read:

COLD NUMBS CITY

TO CONTINUE TODAY

Yet, outside, thousands waited for a look at the casket. All along the route crowds lined both curbs of the 16 blocks to Madison Square Garden. The temperature did not rise above 25° that

RICKARD'S FUNERAL brought thousands to line route of cortege from Garden.

TAKING

This was the lesson George Rickard learned in the Yukon gold fields, after a bitter Texas childhood. Gambler and prospector, he made and lost several fortunes in the freewheeling dawn of his career

day, but a crowd started to gather outside the Garden early in the afternoon, and by 4 o'clock there were 700 persons in line.

"There are mighty few men in whom New York is enough interested to walk across the street to see them dead," the Sun's Edwin C. Hill wrote. "But they came, the people who had been waiting, and they were of every sort and degree. . . ." It was a bizarre sight—Rickard lying in his bower-covered coffin in that high, bare auditorium under the brilliant arc lights he had used on fight nights, and 15,000 persons slowly filing past in two lines, one on each side of the bier.

The next day 10,000 more people attended the funeral rites. Rickard for years had not been much of a church-going man, and after considerable discussion it was decided that a Baptist clergyman, an Episcopal clergyman, a Catholic lawyer and a Jewish judge should in turn recommend him to the afterlife of God.

As Columnist Dan Parlor observed at the time, "If Tex could have sat up in the bower coffin that is to be his resting place for eternity, yesterday at the Garden, he would have exclaimed: 'Gosh, I never seed nothing like it!'"

WHAT DID Tex Rickard, the showman, symbolize to those thousands of strangers that they should feel a sense of personal loss? What had brought him so close to them? The curious fact is that, despite this astonishing tribute and the millions of words that had been written about him, Rickard was one of the least understood of New York's great army of celebrities in his gaudy era.

This was not because of any neglect by the press. Such great reporters as Westbrook Pegler, Damon Runyon, Paul Gallio and Hype Igo attempted to analyze the enigmatic Texan. None of them, including the acerbic Pegler,

agreed on one thing: Rickard was a "square shooter." Some saw him as open and almost ingenuous. "Rickard in high gear was a picture," wrote Paul Gallio. "He was capable of the most joyous and inoffensive gloating I ever saw." Others suspected guile. W. O. McGeehan, who had been observing Tex since he put on his first major fight in Goldfield, Nevada back in 1906, insisted that the promoter's "wide-eyed, just-a-countryboy routine" was completely phony.

Basing being the most competitive of professions, it was not strange that two of the best-known managers of the period—Jimmy Johnston and Jack Dae, Kearns—should have hated and distrusted the king of promoters. But Jack Hurley, who knew more than both of them, insists that, though Rickard was hard to pin down, "his word was always the only contract one needed with him."

Jack Dempsey agrees. "His eyes were

his bond," says Rickard's greatest star, "and he was so great a showman that he always contributed 50% or more of the draw with his own personality. No matter who they were, the two fighters never contributed much more than the other 50%." Most of the champions who worked for Rickard share Dempsey's opinion, though one claims that the promoter was "an evil man who would stop at nothing to get the power he craved. I know of faxes he forced on boxes when he wanted to clean up on the betting."

The truth is that no matter how long one searches, some of the secrets of Rickard's character remain a mystery. And this is maddening in a way, because it is refreshing even now to borrow some of the excitement that was in the part of Tex that never grew up, and also to admire the side of him that was all solid rock and raw courage.

Nobody loved crowds more than he did. No man ever worshiped a building as he did the "new" Madison Square Garden which he built as a temple to sport. But often he seemed a lonely figure there. And he needed the fine clothes, the Havana cigar and the elegant cane to give him confidence.

Essentially, Tex Rickard was a very shrewd man, but all of his early scheming had been done in a different and more freewheeling society. Out where he came from—Texas, Alaska, and Nevada—as Rickard sometimes said, men didn't drink with you, shoulder to shoulder, while figuring out how to trim and doublecross you. And out there the things a man did were always more important than anything he said.



MEN OF HONOR. Dempsey and Rickard, were a million-dollar team at the gate.

FROM THE BEGINNING, Tex lived in the midst of violence. It started the instant he was born. The date was Jan. 2, 1871, although Rickard always

continued

TEX RICKARD

continued

claimed that it was a year earlier. The place was the cabin of his parents, Robert Woods and Loretta Rickard, in Clay County, Missouri, on the turbulent Kansas-Missouri border.

Mrs. Rickard said later she never heard George Lewis' first cry because of the racket being made on the road outside by a 26-man posse that was chasing Jesse James and his brother Frank into hiding. Their mother, Mrs. Zevelda Samuels, lived on the farm next to the Rickard place, and the James boys had been visiting their family over the New Year's holiday.

The Rickards apparently moved twice in young Tex's first four years, first to Sherman in northern Texas and then to Cambridge, about 100 miles west. Cambridge was absorbed by neighboring Henrietta, the place Rickard thereafter referred to as his home town. His father, a recurrent invalid, could do little to support his family (he died when Tex was 10, and at 7 George Lewis was shining cowboys' boots to help out). Some four years later he quit school, after finishing third grade, to join a trail-riding outfit that was taking thousands of cows to Harnesswell, Kansas. It was a rough, tough job, days on end in the saddle in all conditions of wind and weather. There wasn't much future in it, except in young Rickard's imagination. Often while on the trail the 11-year-old boy would think about getting rich.

"The hard side of life," Rickard wrote years later in his memoirs, "was an old story to me long before I became 21. I never had a boyhood in the sense that the ordinary boy does today. Circumstances forced me into cutting out my own way at a time when most boys are out flying kites. I lived the life kids imagine they want to live when they read a dime novel."

Rickard remained a cowboy for about 12 years. Close to half of this time he was a range rider on ranches near Henrietta. His mother got him to quit the business after he was trampled by a herd he was guiding across the Big Wichita River.

In 1894 he ran for town marshal of Henrietta, and was elected by a whipping plurality over two opponents. The same spring he married a sweet-tempered girl, Leona Bittick, who was the daughter of a local physician.

Rickard loved being town marshal, and he often said that that year, 1894, was the best and happiest one he'd known as a young man. But all the joy

went out of his life the following year when Leona had a baby boy who lived only a week. Not long afterward, Leona also died. Thus, when the news of the first big Alaska gold strike got to Henrietta a short time later, it was all the excuse Rickard needed. He persuaded Will Slack, another cowboy



THE YOUNG COWBOY BOY—RICKARD IN 1890

and something of the town humorist, to join forces with him, and departed for Alaska.

The two Texans arrived in Alaska late in the fall of 1893, well ahead of the horde of reckless gamblers who began racing north, side by side with the Klondike gold rushers, two summers later. Before that desperate crew could get into the action, Tex had made and lost his first fortune, had taken over and lost his first couple of gambling houses—and had learned the score.

Rickard, from the moment he landed, plunged into Alaskan life with zest. He spent most of his time playing poker and faro, making expenses both for himself and Willie Slack. Willie had a hard time adjusting to Alaska, particularly to the climate. Usually Rickard ignored Willie's complaints, but when news of a big strike at Circle City came, Rickard almost forcibly dragged

the reluctant cowboy out on the trail.

From Dyea—to which they had journeyed by steamer through the Lynn canal—the Texans pulled their sleds up to Sheep Camp, at the timberline. But that was only the beginning. The climb from Sheep Camp to Chilkoot Pass was a brutally steep five miles. On the seven- or nine-foot-long, 16-inch-wide standard Yukon sleds they were using a strong man could pull little more than his sled plus his own weight—and this only on fairly level ground in moderately cold weather. This meant that the two slim Texans had to transfer their supplies and gear from Sheep Camp to the foot of Chilkoot Pass in relays, dumping one load in the snow, then returning with the empty sled for another.

When they had completed all the trips and had dumped in the snow everything they owned, they faced the most agonizing challenge of the whole journey: the job of sealing the pass itself—again and again. It was impossible to drag a sled over those terrible 1,250 feet, which were on a 45° uphill grade. A man could only get over it with what he could manage to carry on his back.

Rickard himself considered the climb the toughest job he ever attempted. "After working ourselves into a perspiration," Tex said, "we would nearly freeze when we stopped to rest."

After the painful last, the pair started across the string of frozen lakes which led to the headwaters of the Yukon River. Overwhelmed by the cold and the winds, Slack became so miserable that for whole days he couldn't summon enough strength even to speak. On reaching the Yukon's headwaters—340 miles from Juneau—Willie took one long look at the open water and groaned something about not caring to turn boatmaker at his age. Then, abruptly, he held out his thickly gloved hand. "George," he said, "this is where I say goodby. I may be dumb, but I ain't no fool." Without another word, he turned his sled around and headed back toward Juneau.

Rickard never saw Will Slack again. That poor cowboy managed to make it all the way back to the Mexican border, only to be shot to death less than a year later in a barnyard gun fight.

Tex was stone broke when he finally stumbled into Circle City, a town of sod-roofed log huts which the miners had built. After the trek over the pass, he was ready for a little indoor life, and he quickly got himself a job in Sam Bonfield's gambling shack. Rickard told Bonfield that he intended to go

out prospecting for gold as soon as he got together a decent-sized stake.

Sam Bornfield, the Yukon gold rush's most famous gambler, was then 30, a tall, slim, handsome, quiet-spoken man. He was originally from West Virginia, but had worked for a few years at his trade in the Kansas east towns before going on to the North. Westbrook Pegler, who met him 31 years later in Chicago at the second Dempsey-Turney fight, described him as a "quiet, almost deferential old man. . . . His eyes were fascinating . . . so blue and clear and unfaded."

For better or for worse, Rickard accepted Bornfield as his model. And the West Virginian was that incongruity in the profession, an honest man. To be this sort of gambler requires either qualms besides the gift for seeing ahead of others the ever-changing tides of luck. The gambler must have the odious sort of patience to wait for the ramble inside his head that calls the turn. He has to peel off emotion from his thinking, to concentrate as though there were nothing on earth but those cards or dice or spinning roulette wheel, and the men around him.

A gift for all that Tex Rickard had. But Tex also had something more—the conviction that most men were honest. In Circle City that might have seemed a curious idea, but Rickard's own convictions were bolstered by Sam Bornfield's honesty, and by the way another Circle City businessman, Jack McQuesten, ran his trading post there. McQuesten, a huge and hearty man with a large blond mustache, had been trading with Indian fur trappers up and down the Yukon for a quarter century when Tex first met him. He gave credit to all comers. Occasionally a prospector he had grubstaked a year before would come to his trading post to explain that though he had enough gold dust to pay off he had not been on a spree for months. Jack always understood that. "Go have your spree," he would say, "and pay me whatever you have left."

Working in Sam Bornfield's Circle City shack, Tex began getting his basic training in high-powered gambling almost immediately. During his first week there he did everything from running the crap table to sweeping up. He also watched the West Virginian deal a card in a faro game on which \$10,000 was riding. The card came out, Bornfield lost \$5,000 to Louie (Goldie) Golden and he did not even look up. "Tex," he called over to Rickard at the table, "I'd Goldie is quitting, pay him off. Five thousand dollars comes

to a little over 15 pounds and a half is dust. Oh, hell, give him an even 20 pounds!"

"Who's quitting?" demanded Goldie in a hurt voice, and took the payoff in yellow hundred-dollar chips. Before he left, at 4 o'clock the next morning, he had lost the \$5,000—and \$17,000 more.

Three nights later Tex saw Bornfield lose \$72,000 in gold dust, and the gambling shack as well, in a poker game. Sam was about to turn over the premises to the winner when a friend came in with a couple of heavy gold pieces which he put at Bornfield's disposal. In six hours Bornfield had his fortune and his shack back and also had cleaned out the customer.

If Rickard did not bring Sam Bornfield good luck, the West Virginian thought he did. Within a month after Tex started to work for him, Bornfield had enough gold dust on hand to buy the biggest, flashiest-looking place in town. In a typical gambler's gesture he turned over to Tex his old shack, its crap and roulette tables, chips, cards and stock of liquor.

When the astonished Rickard asked why Bornfield was doing that for him, Sam said, "You're a born gambler, Tex, and I think you'll stay an honest one." And he held out his smooth-as-silk hands, adding, "Look at these hands, my young friend. They are my tools. When you first came to work for me you said something about going

prospecting after a while. I got only one thing to say about that: either be a gold miner or a gambler. You can't be both. No man's hands can do rough work and handle cards or dice as a gambler has to."

For the rest of his life Tex Rickard gambled as though Sam Bornfield were looking over his shoulder. But he didn't yet know his percentages as well as he thought he did.

In less than two weeks he lost the gambling house Bornfield had given him. Tex shook hands with the customer who had won it and wished him luck. Then he put on his fur parka, walked down the street to Sam's fancy new joint and asked Bornfield for his old job back again. Sam put him behind the bar.

The old sawdoughs agree that Rickard was a good man behind the bar, but a better man in front of it. "Great talker," they say. "Sure had the gift of gab, that feller." What they mean, of course, is that Rickard had a genius for listening. Eddie Borden, Tex Rickard's office boy in Madison Square Garden, later a New York apartmentier, boxing manager, promoter of fights on two continents and presently the editor and publisher of a new magazine, *Weekly Boxing World*, is incensed when people call Rickard a great conversationalist. "I hung around him nights for at least five years, hoping to hear him say one word that would

eastward



FROM JENEAU TO NOME, RICKARD'S NORTHERN TRAVELS DOCUMENT SINE RUGGED YEARS

TEX RICKARD

continued

teach me something about the mining business," says Kildus. "I figured that sooner or later he would have to give out with a secret. But Tex was a man who never had two sentences to rub together in his whole life."

ONE day early in January, Arthur Walden, who carried the mail through the valleys by dog sled, brought into Harry Ash's saloon a letter that told of the most exciting event in the Yukon's history. As he read the letter, Ash's eyes almost popped.

"Big strike on the Klondike!" he yelled. "They're getting more than \$40 a pan down there!"

With that, he jumped over the bar and told everybody, "Boys, help yourselves to the whole shooting match. I'm off to the Klondike!"

Harry Ash went straight to Rickard's cabin, woke him up to tell him the news and asked him to make the trip with him. Two days later Ash and Rickard, with their dog team, led the way to the Klondike. They traveled over the frozen river, followed by the other prospectors with full eleven-dog teams, then by those with successively smaller teams. Some prospectors had only one dog. Last to hit the trail were the men who had to drag their own sleds. Except for a handful of people, Circle City became a deserted town within 48 hours.

Each man on that unprecedented trek knew he would be unable to get any more food for seven months, when the river ice would break up and the steamers could get through with fresh provisions. Arthur Walden, the dog driver, pointed out that it was theoretically impossible for a man to haul enough food to live on for seven long months. "How they got through . . . God alone knows," he wrote of the man who made the trip. "They were the pick of the pick, and that counted."

When Rickard and Harry Ash reached Bennett Creek, many of the best claims had already been staked by men out of Fortymile. But Tex managed to acquire a piece of two claims, and worked them for long grueling months that winter. The miners had to excavate the ore-bearing rock 20 feet down. To reach it, they first had to thaw the frozen ground. This was done by building a wood fire that heated the ground enough to loosen it to a depth of about two feet. This earth would then be shoveled away, after which the whole process was repeated until the

hard shale 20 feet or so below the surface was uncovered. If the diggers were lucky they hit a pay streak. If not, they either started tunneling from there or began burning out another deep hole.

On hitting pay dirt, the gold hunters brought the ore-bearing rock to the surface in buckets and dumped it on the frozen earth. It lay there until the spring thaw, when water became available for sluicing out the gold.

Tex didn't enjoy this backbreaking work any more than the other prospectors did. When he got his chance to

ABOUT THE SERIES

The Tex Rickard story, as expanded and summarized different from, will be published on May 11 by the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., under the title The Maddest Race (GPO No. 36,360).

sell out his share in the two claims for \$40,000 to Major Neville A. D. Armstrong, a British investor, and another man, he jumped at it. Hearing that Circle City was waking up once more, he went there to have a little fun. When he arrived he ran into one Tom Turner.

Turner was tremendously excited. After they'd had a drink together, he told Rickard that Dawson, which he had just left, was booming like nothing he had ever seen before.

"Even now you can see it's gonna be a much bigger place than Circle," said Turner. "Anyone with money enough to start a real good gambling house and saloon down there will have a gold mine."

"You've got yourself a partner, Turner," Tex told him. And they sealed their deal with a handshake and a round of drinks for the house.

When they got to Dawson, at the junction of the Klondike and the Yukon rivers, Rickard and Turner found a booming tent town that was already bigger than Circle City. In a few days they had their place up, furnished with gambling equipment and supplied with liquor. Tex named it The Northern. From the day The Northern opened, the partners did tremendous business. After four months they had \$125,000 in the till.

But one night a gang of prospectors came in and started playing roulette. Some of them concentrated on Nos. 17 and 23, and also played the middle column. They couldn't seem to do any-

thing wrong. It was just one of those nights.

"If it was, they simply piled on more dirt and told us to roll," Rickard said later. "At the same time others of the gang were taking us good at darts. I'd put the \$57,000 I had left over from my Bonanza-strike money into the place, along with plenty of Turner's dough. That night we lost the whole joint and every nickel we had in the world."

Rickard spent the next 12 months working as a bartender, larcen dealer and front man in various Dawson pleasure palaces. Though he was drawing down \$20 a day, he often went to bed hungry. Even in a red-hot boom town like Dawson this is not easy for anyone except a professional gambler to do so frequently. But Rickard stubbornly kept betting every grain of gold dust he was paid—there was no other currency in circulation in Dawson—on larc, and the cards kept refusing to be good to him.

Rickard left Dawson in the fall of 1898 and headed for Rampart, another just-born gold-boom river town. But the Rampart boom proved to be a fast bust. Along with most of the other gold rushers there, Rickard spent a dismal winter chopping wood in the frost-bitten wilderness. In the spring he sold the wood for \$15 a cord to the steamers that came through after the river opened up.

One day a deckhand told him: "I heard on the river that they struck it rich around Nome. A whole lot of 'em are packin' and gittin' out to the mountains around there."

Rickard didn't wait for confirmation. He hurriedly paid his debts in Rampart and got a steamboat ticket to Saint Michael (he had \$35 left). On the boat he met Jim White, who had been a nightly customer in Tex's short-lived gambling saloon in Dawson. White also was going to Nome, though he confessed he was getting discouraged.

"I'm beginning to think I'd have better luck in a gambling saloon like that one you ran in Dawson. The miners always liked to go there, Tex. They said it was like a club."

Out of that conversation grew a partnership. White, too, had only a few dollars, but he also had a bet. "All we'd need is wood enough for our floor and the land to set it up on," White told Rickard. "You've dealt me in, Jim."

Rickard answered with a grin. Nome was about as disagreeable a place as Rickard had ever imagined. Without a harbor and completely unprotected from the sea, its beach was

hindered most of the year by everything from driftwood and ice flows 100 ft high to an occasional tidal wave. Even during the ice-free months of summer torrential rains drenched it almost daily, turning the whole area into a quagmire.

Yet it was here that Rickard made his first great parlay of luck and opportunity. His first bit of luck came in getting to Nome while there were only a few down tents up. If he and White had arrived a few weeks later they would have been unable to get a good lot for their tent. As it was, they were able to buy one for \$100 on Front Street, Nome's pleasure-house and business street, with a few dollars' option money.

Then, the day after getting to Nome, Rickard went down to the beach to see if he could find wood for the tent's floor. Incredibly, he saw a man unloading planks from a raft. When Tex asked if he could spare enough for the tent floor, the man looked him over, rubbed his chin and said, "Well, I am going to leave this wood here. Suppose you just pick out what you want and use it? You can pay for what you use or return it later."

Tex thanked him and got Jim White down there in a hurry. In two days they had hammered together a good solid floor. Tex told Jim White, "I reckon I'll go visiting down at the beach again. Might find another friendly feller who has his helping hand out."

That day he saw a boat unloading whisky, wine and brandy. As Tex explained to his partner later, "When I told the feller we had a tent with enough room to store them he seemed mighty grateful. 'If you want to use any of it,' he said, 'just keep tabs on it, and we can settle next time I come back to Nome.'"

The next man Tex met was George Murphy, a cigar salesman. He was taken in as a partner on the strength of his panatelas and a modest barkroll.

Five days later, on July 4, Rickard staged his grand opening of The Northern in Nome. "We sold whisky at 40¢ a drink," said Tex, "and the roulette wheel and the fare bank opened under proper auspices. Minors came in from miles around. That was a gala day in my life and also a big day in the social life of Nome. Our gross receipts, at the bar alone, were \$835 on opening day."

"I was working behind the bar, and one of my first customers that day was an old fellow with long whiskers. He came up to me and said, 'Pill 'em up,

boy!' and he waved to the crowd. The old man slapped a small poke on the bar and untied the string. 'Weigh her up,' he said, 'and let's have another one.' The tab for those two rounds came to about \$50. I weighed his poke for him. He had close to five pounds of gold dust in that little poke, which came to nearly \$1,200. When that prospector went out, he said, 'Put the rest of it away for me, boy.' Now he had never used me before, remember. That was the way we did business up there in Alaska."

"Business kept on being as strong during that week or two that White sold out his piece of the business for \$10,000 ten days after we opened."

"But that old man, the first to leave his poke with me in my Nome place, he never came back. He went into the mountains, or up some creek. We never heard of him again. Very few prospectors ever left an address. Sometimes they didn't ever leave their names on their pokes."

Rickard took as much pride in the trust the miners placed in him as in his gambling saloon's success. And The Northern was the only saloon never to be held up in that lawless town.

As the cynical Wilson Miner, in recalling his own years at Nome, remarked: "You must realize that there were many desperate and vicious men

in Nome that winter. Yet, in these surroundings, Rickard was a man who could be trusted under all conditions. His back bar was always piled with miners' pokes. No other place paroled as many pokes for miners, but Rickard never was raided while the others were held up right along. Gold on Rickard's back bar was like gold in the bank. In fact, Rickard was Nome's banker."

It was also Tex Rickard's luck to have set up his gambling tent only a few days before gold was discovered lying on the Nome beach only a few steps away. According to one account, two men found the gold simultaneously. One of them was John Hummel, a miner who was bathing there, hoping to find in the water a cure for scurvy. The other was a soldier from Saint Michael. He went into The Northern and handed Rickard a torn envelope in which he had dropped the grains of gold that he had picked up on the beach.

"Weigh that for me, will you?" he asked Tex.

In the corner of the envelope Rickard saw a small amount of pure flour gold, which is the finest of all golds. Tex put it on the scales, and it weighed out at 44¢.

"Where did you get that?" Tex asked.

continued



THE NORTHERN, NOME, 1907. PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. HARRIS. COURTESY OF THE NORTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NOME, ALASKA

TEN RICKARD

continued

"Well, down on the beach," the soldier said. "I was looking around and saw some of it on the clay bottom. Just for fun I washed it out. 'Mount to anything?'"

In no time at all a dozen men were crowded around him, looking at the pinch of flour gold. Then they all dashed out and headed down to the beach. Within two days Tex had lost his bartenders, his roulette stick men and his face dealers.

The soldier's news also stripped every other business establishment in Nome of its employees. Before long, 2,000 prospectors were working the beach. The luckiest of them found it easy to pan out between \$20 and \$100 daily. During the first two delirious months that summer a million dollars in gold was washed out of those sands. After that the beach became the poor man's El Dorado and last chance. An additional million in gold came out of it in further digging, including \$40,000 that was produced on a single claim during three days of fabulous striking.

When the pickings on the beach stopped being lush, miners resorted to raising each other all over the Seward Peninsula, which is about half the size of New York State, looking for a prospect. And the real wealth proved to lie back there in the gulches of those barren, rugged, tundra-covered hills. The U.S. Geology Office reported that 84,000,000 worth of gold was produced in the Nome area in 1899, and almost twice that the following year. This rose to above \$7 million in 1900, when efficient machinery replaced the pioneering prospectors' picks and shovels and pickers.

The Nome rush ranks among the most productive of the century. Figures vary, but it has been estimated that during the first two years of the boom there \$7,500,000 worth of gold was produced on the peninsula, and \$14,247,000 up to 1900. The Klondike was bigger—\$40 million during the two banner years between 1898 and 1900, and, over the decade including those years, \$118,722,000—but Nome, it only because of its extraordinary beach, was certainly one of the most sensational gold rushes ever.

By 1901 Rickard was serving on the Nome City Council and had the biggest gambling house in town. It was in a building 60 by 10 feet that he had put up in May 1900. The place—named The Northern, of course—had one floor and a second-floor false front,



REMAINS OF RICKARD'S FIRST HOUSE IN NOME, WHICH HE BUILT AFTER THE FIRE.

a piano on a platform, crystal chandeliers and a long mirror resplendent behind the bar.

Six bartenders worked there day and night, the favorite drink being the holtermaker—whiskey with a beer chaser. The place was jammed at all hours by the miners, officials, bankers, gamblers and girls from the nearby dance halls. The games included roulette, blackjack, laro, bridge, solitaire and poker.

On the Fourth of July that year, to celebrate the first anniversary of the opening of his Nome gambling tent, Tex threw an open-house turkey dinner at a Nome restaurant. The owner of the restaurant asked him, "How can we tell which men are customers in your place?"

"Well," named Tex, "a man doesn't have to be a customer of mine to get this free food!"

Everything kept breaking well for Rickard during his four lucky years in Nome. He was able to send home money to his mother, Lucetta, who had remarried after the death of her poverty-stricken first husband. She had moved to Seattle and was bringing up another family by her second husband, J. L. Adams.

Rickard was fond of telling newspapermen a story about a stud poker game in Nome which—whether he realized it or not—showed precisely at what point the ethos of an honest professional gambler stops functioning.

"In this game," Tex said, "another fellow opened and I was the only one that stayed. I wasn't skin' to stay, but this fellow was serious. He kept patting the top card off his hand and shovin' it under the bottom. I could just catch a look at the corner of each card as he pulled them off the top,

over and over again, sayin' 'nothing' and waitin' for me to move.

"I stalled quite a while. I wanted to read his hand two or three times to make sure I had it right. Finally I was sure my hand could lick him. So I gave the bet a small boost and he gave it a big boost. I kicked it a little more and he looked it again. Then I gave it a hell of a kick, right through the ceiling. He called. I never told him how I licked him."

And Tex would conclude with the advice: "Remember, never gamble with your cards in a professional game. Keep 'em together, and if it's a draw, be sure to keep the books covered with your fingers."

In 1902 Rickard had a bad run of luck and decided to quit Alaska. On the half million he had cleared in his four years at Nome, he had only \$15,000 left to his name. But George Murphy paid him \$50,000 for his interest in The Northern.

Tex figured that \$65,000 would be more than enough to buy him the Texas ranch he sometimes dreamed of. He thought he might even get married again—if he could find the right girl.

IN LATER YEARS New Yorkers were to say of Rickard that there was no limit to his gullibility. The hard-shelled Damon Runyon once remarked, "Tex must believe in miracles or he wouldn't buy a piece of so many exploding fire extinguishers and the Rubie Goldberg-type contraptions."

One story, possibly apocryphal, concerning a trip that Rickard took to South Africa shortly after his arrival back in the United States demonstrates this trait on a grand scale. Rickard stopped off in Seattle to visit his mother. He had not been there a

week before he heard of a young burglar in a Washington prison who was supposed to know the location of a secret diamond mine in South Africa. Richard, so the story goes, got the authorities to release the convict in his custody and forthwith hauled the fellow off to Africa. In the end, of course, there was no diamond mine, but Richard seems to have been unperturbed by this. "What the hell!" he said of his journey. "It was a wonderful trip." It did gain him the acquaintance of two very entertaining fellow travelers—Walter Fields and his brother W.C.—and his friendship with Walter lasted all his life.

Back from Africa with part of his \$25,000 still intact, Richard went to San Francisco. On the street one day he encountered Mrs. Flora Myers, a former actress whose pretty 18-year-old daughter, Edith Mae, had played the piano in a Nome saloon the previous summer. Mrs. Myers had chaperoned the girl on the trip.

Richard had been quite smitten with Edith Mae in Nome, but he had felt that she was both too young and too refined to be interested in a rough sporting man like him.

That evening, when he called at the Myers' flat, he was surprised by the warmth of Edith Mae's welcome. Within a week he had proposed to her, and a week later they were married in Sacramento.

Obviously the time now had come for Richard to head for Texas. Edith Mae, friends reported in later years, was enthusiastic about the idea. But just as obviously, Tex Richard, gambler and gold miner from the Klondike, was not the man for the comparatively sedentary life of a ranch. Instead he turned north to Seattle, where, he had been assured by an acquaintance, a perfect location for a gambling saloon awaited him. This was on First Avenue, in the heart of the town's red-light district. Richard took over the lease, summoned patrons, told them he wanted the place decorated like an Alaskan gambling saloon and called his new spot The Totem.

Just before he was ready to open, what present-day newspapers would refer to as a "prominent underworld figure" came to call on Richard. He congratulated Richard on the excellence of his taste in gambling equipment.

"This is such a nice-looking joint I'm only gonna ask 20% of your gambling take."

Richard stared at him. "Of the top?" he asked.

"Of the top."

"Get the hell out of here," said Richard, "and don't come back."

The evening before his grand opening two uniformed policemen appeared at the door. They were very polite. They told Tex that their superiors had become concerned about his personal safety, since he was a stranger in town.

"Sometimes the going gets pretty rough down here," one of them said, "One of us will stay at the door, the other will keep an eye on everything going on inside your place."

ATHOUGH Richard's friend had warned him that something like this might follow his refusal to cut in his visitor for 20%, Richard argued with the officers. He told them that he would put up any bond required by the authorities. "I've never owned a place that wasn't run orderly," he said, "and I'll have plenty of bouncers to help me run this joint."

The policemen were patient. "It's because our boss knows you want to run a nice place that he sent us here to help you do just that. The idea is to protect you against the huns and roughnecks."

Richard stopped talking. He knew he was licked. The next day he sold The Totem for a song to a stranger who said he had just got a mysterious hunch that Richard might want to get rid of the place.

With his wife and a newly adopted blonde baby girl, Bessie, Richard took the next boat to Nome. On this trip he met E. S. (Kid) Higley, who had made a fortune running a gambling

house in Shagway. The Kid was looking for another similar proposition in Nome. Richard suggested he try to buy into The Northern.

"I didn't know whether or not George Murphy would care to sell part of the joint," Richard said later, "but having my new friend's cash ready for action, I knew, wouldn't hurt me none." Actually, Murphy took in both men as partners. He gave Richard a piece of the place to resume his job as the saloon's front man.

But the weather didn't agree with Edith Mae, and late in 1904 the Richards left Nome for good. Richard sold out his place in The Northern to Frank Hall, who was short of money but promised to pay him off on the installment plan. Hall mailed the last payment to Richard in 1906, a few days before a storm leveled The Northern and wrecked practically everything else in the town. Richard got the news in another Northern, his new gambling saloon in Goldfield, Nevada.

Far Richard, Goldfield marked the beginning of a second, and decisive, era of his career—a period in which he rose from obscurity to achieve a national reputation and become a world-famous figure in the sport forever after associated with his name: boxing. In Nome he had staged small fights at The Northern or a nearby theatre. In Goldfield a new opportunity suddenly appeared. Tex saw a chance to promote a fight between the two greatest lightweights of the day—Battling Nelson and the Old Master, Joe Gans. He telegraphed Nelson, offering a purse which, for lightweights, was a real eye-opener, and set back to wait for a reply.

The message that came from Billy Nelson, Battling Nelson's manager, was a fateful one for Tex Richard and the sport of boxing. The events leading out from it were to open the way to a fight which literally rocked the nation, to a Golden Age which boxing has never since attained, a period in which Tex Richard—cosponsor, gold miner, gambler and promoter—was to reach the very pinnacle of greatness in the sporting world.

Next Week: BOXING IS A GIANT'S GAME

How \$30,000 in gold pieces helped promote one of history's foulest fights; a far coat clinches a big deal for Richard; the inside story of the bidding for the fight to save the white race; was a

fix attempted?; why Jim Jeffries didn't want to fight in Nevada; Jack Johnson's great victory and its far-flung consequences; Richard on the road to the big time; dawn of the Golden Age.

HOGAN: SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

Sir:

For the past five or so years I've been a middle-to-high-level shooter. After digesting Ben Hogan's lessons on grip and stance, I promptly shot a 75, and a week later had a 78—with four 3-pull greens. After the fifth lesson I'll challenge Ben himself: any course, any time!

Philadelphia

J. P. JAMES

HOGAN: LOON, MA

Sir:

With the first decent weather now in six months, I went to the driving range, my driver in one hand, three copies of *Secrets Illustrated* in the other and a patient wife to read and guide me. The results were startling: 104-120 yards and so on. God bless Hogan!

RUSSELL FRANCES

Londerville, N.Y.

HOGAN: INSPIRATION

Sir:

Superior! Superior! Impelling! Greater, by far, than *Power Golf* by Hogan. Ravelli's drawings are the clearest, most carefully done bit of analysis possible. Hogan, of course, has done a magnificently understandable job of setting out the fundamentals and those elusive little things that a beginning golfer knows nothing about. If teaching requires knowledge, lucidity, confidence and, in a way, the ability to inspire, Hogan is a real teacher.

Jim McGraw

Milwaukee

HOGAN: FORCE

Sir:

I truthfully can say I'll be shooting the game in the high 70s. You see, now that I have corrected my stance, my tee shots will go out 240 yards instead of 200.

WILLIAM WAYNE

Chicago

HOGAN: COACH'S FANCY

Sir:

These articles by Hogan have taken the golfing world's fancy. They are well written and Ben Hogan, with his associates, has done an excellent job of teaching and nurturing. They may be good enough even to improve my swing and golf swing.

JIM LITTLE

Columbia University
New York

HOGAN: NEW THINGS

Sir:

Moore, Hogan and Wool, along with Mr. Ravelli, did it! An old dog at 55 can make the wrongs of 30 years. I have the score to prove it. You've got me for life!

FRANK H. SMITH

Clayton, Mo.

HOGAN: SPORTING LOOK

Sir:

Although my scores are up, my delirious muscles are twitching in nice rhythm. Just as soon as I saw Ben's explanation of the

swing plane I ordered my Hoganplane and have now worn it for 108 holes.

It's almost everything a man could want and I can't bring it back where it was! Just as soon as the blisters on my neck and shoulders turn to calluses and I can work out a few little operational bugs, to wit:

- 1) Not being able to see the ball causes me to fan more frequently than usual.
- 2) The bottom edge cuts up the greens in wet weather.
- 3) The same bottom edge catches on the fairway, especially in walking up hills, causing the neck hole to bump my Adam's apple. (This hurts.)
- 4) It slows me down in the rough.
- 5) The green committee has banned me from the course on weekends.
- 6) My old foursome is now a threesome.

DOUGLAS McLAUG

Springfield, Ill.

■ **SI to McLain:** Bail out of your Hoganplane and report to the pro for checkout on Hogan. Over.—ED.



MR. McLAUG AND HOGANPLANE

HOGAN: CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK

Sir:

The most noted change to date is that the game of golf has slowed to a snail's pace. Hogan's grip, stance and wedge are being checked and double-checked before each shot by each player in every foursome. The result is that five and one-half hours are now needed to play 18 holes instead of three-and-one-half.

JOHN SNELL JR.
Judge132nd Judicial District of Texas
Houston

HOGAN: TEACHER'S PET

Sir:

I am using the articles as the basis of instruction in my winter golf classes at the high school and at the YMCA and the YWCA. With 120 enrolled in these classes you can see that your magazine is not staying on the local stands very long.

I am so well pleased with the progress of the classes based on this article that I feel that *The Modern Foursome's of Golf* should become a part of every golfer's library, whether novice or pro.

And as a side result, Ben Hogan has made a better golf instructor out of me.

W. E. HIRD

Fort Dodge, Iowa

HOGAN: NO BUSINESS LINE PRO BUSINESS

Sir:

My profession is golf, particularly teaching golf, and I have read Ben Hogan's articles and believe them to be of great value. I will continue to order to them in my own teaching programs at my club, but I object to Mr. Robert E. Saxe's letter (19th HOLE, April 1) in which he claims he has learned more "than from actual lessons from a pro here."

Teaching in the comfort of your living room can be very enlightening; sweating it out on the practice tee is something else again. Mr. Saxe has no business criticizing his own pro in favor of Ben Hogan, and you have no business printing it.

BOB REITS

Minneapolis

■ We agree there is no substitute for blood, sweat and tears.—ED.

HOGAN: HAS ANYONE SEEN AGENT

Sir:

Lament at a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader's wife:

My house is a shambles,
The rug has a rip,
The furniture's battered,
Thanks to Hogan's new grip.

My evenings of TV
Or talks of the day
Have been substituted
By study of Hogan's new way.

On weekends, I realize
I don't stand a chance,
My man's at the golf course
Trying Hogan's new stance.

I thank our Hogan
For Lesson No. 4
Only because I think that
There aren't any more.

Mrs. Joan D. Horton

New York

WOMEN: SILVER HAIR AMONG THE CROW

Sir:

There may be gray hair on Duke Selder's head, but there are still plenty of home runs left in his bat. Cramer has a lot of nerve. The Dodgers are still a great team. Cramer (SI, April 1) sounds like a dithered Milwaukee fan talking about

my (and many other people's) Designs that way. He'll be cutting close by October.

BARRY JACKSON

Lakewood, Colo.

ARAGON: YES, BUT...

Slack

I agree with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that Art Aragon has done something wrong and should be punished (SI & D, April 1), but I do not agree with the attitude you take on the matter. You make it sound as if Art Aragon has never told the truth before and that the only people he runs around with are underworld characters.

Many people in California, including sportswriters, believe that Aragon was convicted of the sin of having a cocky and arrogant attitude, instead of fighting.

ERIC HIGMAN

North Hollywood, Calif.

ARAGON: IS THE TRUTH A LIE?

Sir:

I am quite disturbed at the treatment that Fighter Art Aragon was given. I think it was very unfair to Aragon to say in your magazine that after all these years "his words could not change anything."

Here is a direct quote from that article: "I told the truth," (Aragon) had once more, "and I'm going to prison for it." I would like to know if you have conclusive evidence that Art Aragon was telling a falsehood when he said that he had told the truth. Of course you do not, and furthermore you stated that no sophisticated person would believe that he was telling the truth. Please tell me what a sophisticated person is, for to my way of thinking most of the sophisticated people I know have a negative attitude toward most things. Granted Art Aragon was fraud guilty, but the courts are not infallible. Why don't you give the guy a break?

AL HICKS-LEWIS II

Roelington, Vt.

■ Art Aragon was convicted of lying by a jury which, if it had believed him, would have freed him. In sentencing him, an intelligent judge took into account his proven persistence in the lie and his reputation as a liar and ring faker. Ring-wise (sophisticated) persons know of other Aragon fans and attempted fixes and take the thoroughly affirmative position that boxing must be preserved from cheating's fate. This was no first offender.—ED.

REBBING: RIGHT ON SHELLEY

Sir:

That was fine piece **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** did on Carroll Shelby (The *Grady* *Lead*, March 25). Most motor sports coverage and feature consist of colorful prose, admirable attention to fashions and speculations and a wealth of misinformation about the cars and drivers.

Ken Rebbon's piece conformed to the preferred magazine style but still had a lot of meat and no inaccuracies.

I'm a sort of planner in motor sports reporting on the local level, having written (as much as I dared) and composed stories shortly after the start of the "movement." I lay claim to having been beaten by Shelby more times than any other SCCA license holder!

Sports **ILLUSTRATED**'s was the biggest and best article on Shelby and let me repeat that you were right on every count.

LEWIS McMAHON
Sports Editor

Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Fort Worth

REBBING: PROCEED WITH CAUTION

Sir:

Thank God for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, a magazine that can give us such results as the 1967 Schering Grand Prix as well and so promptly.

No praise can be too high for the courage displayed by Chevrolet in promoting their SS. The car's performance should not be grounds for despair but great hope for the future. Not even the high and the mighty Mercedes, Jaguar, Maserati or Ferrari can come out with a new model and jump home with a first night away. I think that even **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is being overly optimistic in saying that the SS will be proficient at Le Mans. That's a real close and real tough. Yet there will be the 1968 Schering and Le Mans and Rheims to come. The Corvette should enter all these and the Mille Miglia besides. The lessons to be learned will open their eyes wide.

Let Chevrolet remember that while they progress the others will not sit still and that what is best this month will be left far behind next month unless great progress is made all the time. Should victory come to the SS the reply from the imports will be massive.

DOVE BLANCK

Los Angeles

FOOTBALL: CLEAN AMERICAN BOY

Sir:

In reference to your excellent article on the "ripping snap" of Pennsylvania football players, now college freshmen (SI, April 1), I feel it my duty as a University of Miami student to clear up certain inaccuracies which appear in the article concerning Maury Gutman.

The fact certainly does not lie with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, but it is just such remarks as Mrs. Gutman's enthusiastically overstatement which unintentionally contain the ridiculous, absurdities and untrue description of our school as "Santon U."

If her boy Maury has clean lines every day Mrs. G. can pride herself on having raised a clean American boy—the university does not provide such a service.

As far as his apartment is concerned, the entire University of Miami housing set-up, with the exception of a freshmen girls' dormitory, is composed of either two- or four-bedroom apartments complete with kitchen and living-dining room. If Maury Gutman has a terrace, it is a better-considered piece of property than the gold at Fort Knox. I must admit, however, that every dormitory apartment does have a bathroom bordered by six-foot cement landing, and if Maury is fortunate enough to live on the third floor and muscular enough to have removed the rear (under the all-seeing eyes of the university students, instructors, officials, and campus policemen), he might well have a career at that!

One other correction: Maury is now pledging a fraternity.

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**ON THE
BACK**

No sport exceeds badminton in the number, skill and unbridled fervor of its lady participants. This year badminton's governing body put up her international competition a day dangled by England's Betty Usher, her sixteen days, is to badminton what Helen Wills Moody was to tennis. Ten national teams representing Hong Kong, Malaysia, India, Canada, the U.S.,

Ireland, Scotland, England, Sweden and Denmark responded to the challenge. After continental and national nations patterned on Davis Cup competition were completed, the U.S. team met and defeated the Danish girls in the final held at Lytham St. Anne's, England, to capture the Usher Cup and become the first Ladies' World Badminton Champions. The victors are (left to

right) Bea Mooreman, a physical education teacher from Buffalo, N.Y.; Margaret Varner, the gifted athlete from El Paso (81, March 26, 1960); Susan Devlin of Orléans Mills, Md.; Mrs. Constance Davidson, team manager, and Lois Aborn, both of California; Judy Devlin, world singles champion and one of the brightest stars the game has seen; and Ethel Marshall of Eggenville, N.Y.

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